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[VOL. XIV.]

RECENT EXPLORATIONS OF MOAB.

I.

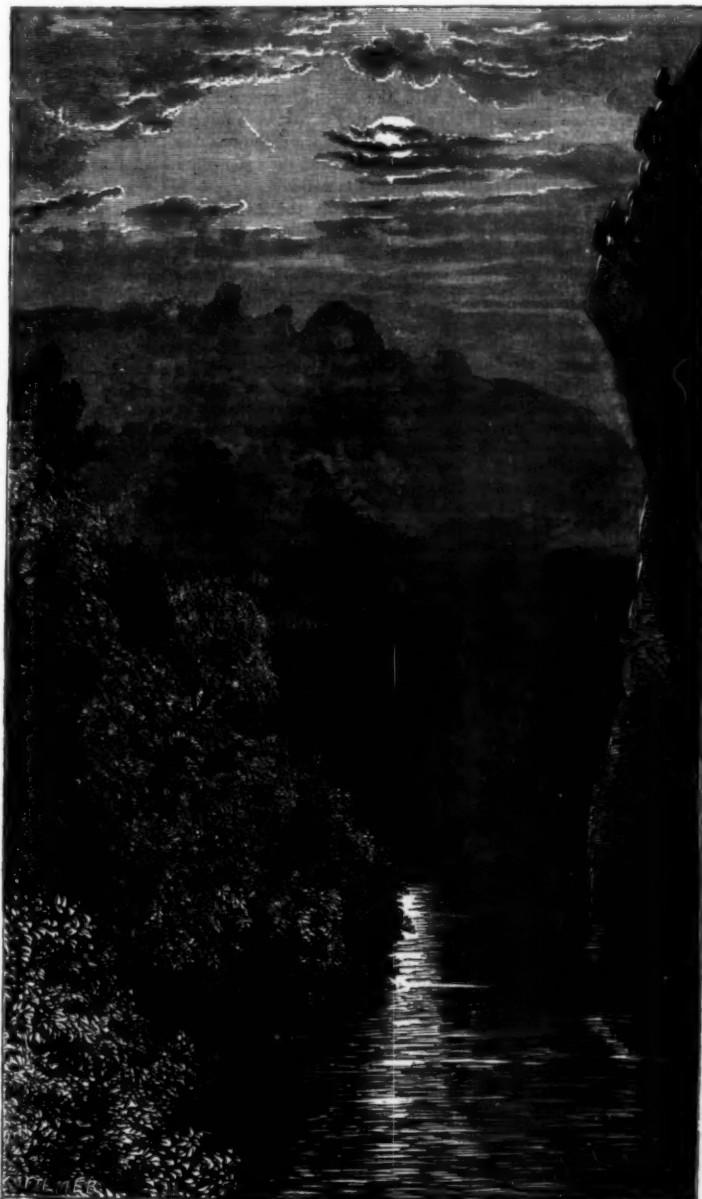
THE REMAINS OF ANCIENT CITIES.

WE talk of the grandeur and magnificence of the empires of a remote past with wonderment and rapture, but how poor and paltry are our monuments of their existence! A handful of books of doubtful authenticity, a column of dates of questionable accuracy, a list of names of mythical heroes, and a sprinkling of ruins half-tródden underground. To go back one thousand years is to reach the evening of the day of history; another thousand years further back one has to grope for monuments; and a third thousand years puts us not only into the dark, but leaves us without all *points d'appui* before and behind us.

This is true especially in regard to the history of Europe, but by leaping from the Peloponnese across the Mediterranean, into the land of the Nile, one may enjoy the twilight of by-gone ages for three and perhaps five thousand years longer. But, should we set over the Ægean, and land on the coasts of Asia Minor, all around us would be night. Schliemann's recent excavations on the site of Homeric Troy were but an attempt, more or less successful, to kindle a flame on a spot which was of

historical interest in every age of Aryan civilization. If we proceed to Armenia, all that strikes our ear of the story of its ancient days is but an assonance to a Babylonian myth. But farther to the south and east, from the banks of the Indus to the Syrian shore, bright pencils of light illumine in parts the burial-grounds of the early masters of the world. There are Assyria, Babylonia, and Elam, with their tablets of clay and cuneiform inscriptions; there is Phœnicia, of whose maritime relations the pages of antiquity are filled; and between them is Palestine, with records of its own, and corroborated by the history of all the surrounding nations.

Palestine is the great centre of research in Oriental antiquities, partly and principally because it is the land of the Bible, but greatly also for purely scientific reasons. Long before the tribes of Israel and Judah seized the region from the Sea of Tiberias to the Sea of Sodom, mighty agricultural and commercial races possessed the land and defended it against the conquering armies of Egypt and Chaldaea. Thousands of years before the period of Hebrew kings, powerful princes,



AYUN MUSA, NEAR THE WADY ZERKA MAIN.

masters of towns and fortified cities, residents of gorgeous palaces, leaders of vast armies, and worshipers in magnificent temples, disputed here each other's sway. The tributes paid by them in wine, honey, figs, spices, iron, silver, and gold, were large enough to cripple any modern empire of Europe. But how scanty is the material with which to reconstruct the history of these Syrian nations! The monuments of the valleys of the Nile and Euphrates, and the records of the ancient Hebrews, speak only of their numbers and their wealth, and the evidences of their art and industry still lie hidden in the earth, and the history of their deeds is carved in rocks or told in books not yet discovered.

Without any further testimony, one may reasonably suppose that the territory of Edom and Moab, the one point at which all the lines of Egyptian, Phœnician, Assyrian, Indian, and Arabian traffic were intersecting each other, was a populous commercial district; and it was but natural that, in this period of Oriental and antiquarian researches, great pains were taken to explore it. The portion that once belonged to Moab has been more favored than Edom's. The geographical features of Moab have been carefully investigated, the sites of the ruins of ancient cities have been visited and described, stones and pottery with inscriptions have been collected, and many of the traditions of the native population have been gathered. A mass of material has thus been laid before the world that awaits only the appearance of some architect to be built up again into historical order and symmetry.

The results of these explorations are of special interest to the American public, as by arrangement with the English Palestine Exploration Fund the future examination of the geographical features, ruins, inscriptions, and other historical remains, have been left entirely to the care of the American Palestine Exploration Society.

To summarize, then, the knowledge so far gathered, the land of Moab, owing to an abundant supply of water, is not only covered with plants and studded with deciduous trees, but even palms grow luxuriantly among the rocks overhanging the sea, and on the lower ranges of mountains.

Everywhere are ruined walls, which once served as inclosures for fields and gardens, and every thing indicates that the country was once very wealthy and fertile. And even at this day the fertility of the soil is very great. According to the season, there are always patches of land laden with grain, or yokes of oxen tilling the ground. No manure is needed to reap a rich harvest of wheat year after year from the fine, red, and sandy loam, and even the little care and the great unskillfulness of the inhabitants do not endanger the crop.

Beginning with a shallow furrow, the *wadis* come from the east, and dig deeper and deeper into the ground, hollowing out wide and deep channels, through which they swiftly flow, leaping from cascade to cascade, into the border lake. Every traveler coming from the sterile cis-Jordan has looked with astonishment upon these rippling brooklets and occasional woods of this trans-Jordanic land.

Between two deep wadys, flanking it to the north and south, and on a platform thirty-seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea, stands the ancient fortress Kerak, or Kir-Moab. Its position is so strong by nature that its great advantages as a place of defense must have been apparent to the most primitive people. A considerable portion of the wall which once encircled the almost level summit is still standing. From the appearance of the work one should judge it to be older than the Crusading or Saracenic times, and in several inscriptions in the upper part of the fortress the Mohammedans lay claim to its erection. The perfection of the great castle of Kerak, however, is a magnificent monument of the enterprise and energy of the Crusaders.

Dr. Tristram came across several interesting evidences of the Roman occupation of the town. The floor of a hovel was a beautiful, tessellated pavement of marble, surrounded with the bases of some old columns. It was probably a part of a Roman bath, for in the next house were the remains of the marble bath-room, with the water-pipes still protruding from the walls.

The party proceeded by the way of the old Roman road running due north and south. Though broken up, the pavement is still there, with the two parallel lines of walls flanking it. They reached very soon the ancient Rabbath-Moab, the Areopolis of Greek and Roman writers. The ruins bear all the marks of a city of the late Roman period, and show abundant traces of an earlier age. The whole of it is only a mass of walls, broken-down fragments of carved work and Corinthian capitals, with broken sarcophagi here and there, blocks of basalt, and vaults and arched cellars of all sizes. At the eastern end of the city are the remains of a large square building, which—judging from some of the bases still standing—had once a colonnade around a central court, probably the *prætorium*.

About fifteen miles north of Rabbath-Moab, and a short distance to the east from the Roman road, were found the ruins of Dhibân, and they were quite as dreary and featureless as any of the hundreds of desolate heaps of Moab. The place is full of caverns, cisterns, vaulted underground store-houses, and rude semicircular arches. The party went to see the spot where the famous Moabite stone, or monolith of King Mesha, of which we shall speak further on, was found. It seems to have been near what is presumed to have been the gate-way of the old city, close to where the road once crossed it. Yet as basalt blocks must have been brought here from some distance, and as there are many others at Dhibân many times the original size and weight of the Moabite stone, it is to be supposed that these stones were carried there by the Romans, or some of their predecessors, from a neighboring locality, to be used as building-material.

An interesting ruin is the "Tower of the Christian Lady" of Um Rasas, about eight miles east of Dhibân. A curious legend is connected with it. A Christian sheik of the neighborhood had been warned that his son would be devoured by a wild beast on the

night of his marriage. In order to prevent the fulfillment of the prophecy, the father built this tower, and when the time came for the betrothal of the son, he caused him and his bride to spend in it their wedding-night. But that was a sad mistake; for the bride was a ghoulish herself—one of those demons of Eastern superstition that feed on human flesh. In the morning the son had been devoured, and the maiden, who had assumed the form of a wild beast, flew away from the top of the tower.

Um Rasas has many other objects of interest, for it is a vast and uninterrupted mass of ruins. Three churches, one near the north-eastern angle, another at the southeastern corner, and the third near the centre of the east part of the two, are its principal features. The two churches in the southwest quarter are completely ruined, while of the other three the apse remains, though not the roof. Close to the central church was found a large slab with a Greek cross engraved on its face, and also on several of the lintels were carved crosses and other sculptures. In another are still lying the old pillars of the side-aisles, as well as the *enceinte* of the walls and of a porch. How strange it must have been to Dr. Tristram's party thus to stand before these silent witnesses of a great population, and that a Christian one, in a lonely wilderness, and where, as far as known, they were the second European visitors since the Crusades!

Also remains of a more ancient date were before them. They could not identify any temples, but it was evident that their camp was under the lee of an old amphitheatre now entirely covered with turf, and near the mounds of what must have been a circus. There were cisterns hewn in the rocks, also channels, dams, and sluices, though only faintly outlined. But the only inhabitants of the place are now the wild-cat, jackal, mole, and the like, which can be more easily trapped than seen.

The most curious discovery of the Tristram expedition was, however, the wonderful Palace of Mashitâ, a place unknown to history, and unnamed in the maps. There is no trace of any house or buildings around it; in its solitary grandeur it stands out on the waste, a marvelous example of the sumptuousness and selfishness of ancient princes. The richness of the arabesque carvings, though in the same style, are not equaled by those of the Alhambra. Built of finely-dressed hard stone, it presents a large, square edifice, more than two hundred feet each way, with round bastions at each angle, and five others, semicircular, between them. On the eastern side bold, octagonal bastions, protruding from the fretted front, form a magnificent gate-way, of which both sides present the most splendid façades imaginable. A large pattern, like a continued W, with a large rose-boss between every two lines, runs along the walls. Upward of fifty different animals are sculptured into the open spaces, and fretted work of fruit and foliage carved into the surface and all the interstices. The inside of the edifice seems to have been divided into three parallelograms, of which the centre one has also three sections. One section shows still

the foundations of numerous chambers, seventeen or eighteen perhaps, and the others have uncertain traces of large fountains.

Yet it is very difficult to determine what purpose this building has served, and still more so to discover what prince caused its erection. The name *Mashitâ* conveys no idea, except, perhaps, as it means "winter-quarters," that it has often been used as such by the Arabs for their flocks and herds. That the palace is no relic of Saladin or the caliphs seems to be certain, for otherwise the Bedouins would surely have preserved some tradition of it. Its ante-Moslem origin may be inferred from the human and animal figures sculptured into the walls, yet it is hardly possible that it has been a Christian work. The great historian of architecture, Fergusson, supposes that it belongs to the Sassanian dynasty of Persia and to the times of Chosroes II., which would fix its date at the beginning of the seventh century of our era. But, though the wealth of this king was enormous, and though his empire extended for a short time to the Hellespont and the Nile, it is incredible that he should have taken pleasure in possessing so magnificent a hunting-box, as it is proposed to call it, in an utterly desert region. It is true that there is nothing decidedly Jewish, Greek, Roman, or Saracenic, either in the plan or in the details of the building, but it is equally uncertain that its origin is Persian or Arabian.

Dr. Tristram was also so successful as to explore the castle where John the Baptist was imprisoned and beheaded, and which became so famous by its desperate resistance in the Jewish war against Titus and the Romans. In spite of its historical interest, his party were the first Western travelers since the Roman times who ever visited it. The situation of *Machærus*, lying out of the track from north to south, was well known to all the neighboring tribes, and even its name at present is the exact Arabic translation—*M'khaur*. The ruins occupy a ground of undulating hillocks, and cover in solid mass more than a square mile of ground. Among them is a small temple, which plainly shows that, up to a period not far removed from its final destruction, there must have been in *Machærus* a large population who, in the midst of fanatic Jews, were at liberty to practise the rites of the sun-god worship. Exactly one hundred yards in diameter stands the circular citadel on the summit of a long, flat ridge of hills. The only remains of it still clearly definable were two dungeons, one of which must have been the prison-house of John the Baptist.

Riding to the north until they reached the *Wady Zerka Maîn*, and following its course until they came upon the Roman road, they met, a short distance farther north, the ruins of *Medeba*. There is no doubt that this city enjoyed, during the Roman period, a high state of prosperity, and its mention in the antique poem of the Book of Numbers indicates that it was one of the most ancient cities of Moab. Conspicuous objects from afar are two columns standing erect, one Ionian and the other Corinthian, about eighteen feet high, with a large block of stone laid across. These columns are as fruitful

subjects of archaeological conjecture as can be imagined, for there is nothing to tell what their actual purpose has been.

In the northern quarter of the ancient city, there is an oblong building, the use of which could not be divined. It was fifty yards from east to west, by twenty-five from north to south, and had doorways in the centre of the eastern and the western faces. Beneath it were solid vaulted cisterns of great depth, beautifully arched. A round temple standing near by seems to have for a time been converted into a Christian church. A beautiful piece of workmanship is a mass of masonry that once served as a dam, and as the sustaining wall of an immense reservoir, which might easily be restored, and used again for the fertilization of the neighborhood.

It is scarcely ten miles from *Medeba* to *Heshbon*, following the Roman road, but every traveler to whom the localities, in which the scenes of Holy Scripture are placed, are dear, turns to the west about midway the distance, climbs the *Jebel Muslubeiyeh*, and pushes to the north until he reaches *Mounts Nebo* and *Pisgah*, from the summit of which Moses before dying surveyed the promised land.

It is not easy to identify a hill in a whole ridge of mountains as the scene of an event of more than three thousand years ago, and especially when there are neither ruins nor written monuments to guide in the choice. The identification of *Mount Pisgah* has accordingly been a matter of much dispute among Biblical orientalists. This much alone is certain, that the elevation which witnessed the death of Moses must have been one of the highest points of the hill-land of Northwestern Moab. The other requirements of the site, in order to establish a complete harmony with the Scriptural narrative, are such as may easily exist with a large number of mountains.

All the hills that have been proposed for the honor of being called *Mount Pisgah* possess most of the features demanded by the sacred text. It is apt to be the case that the scholar who writes the longest argument in favor of his own particular identification, carries the palm, yet no greater certainty and precision are really attained. Thus, the American Palestine Exploration Society is now glorying over its own success in the identification of *Mount Pisgah*, for it has published not less than sixty thousand words to prove the correctness of the choice, but in a little while will appear a treatise of one hundred thousand words favoring another hill, which will be looked upon as the final authority until another appears. There is a great deal of truth in the remark recently made by an eminent American scholar and critic: "One urges the identity of a hill because its name is written without an accent, and another because it is written with an accent."

It was *Mount Pisgah* from the summit of which Moses, shortly before his death, surveyed the land on the other side of the Jordan to the foot of *Hermon*, the mountainous region to the north, and to the south as far as *Zoar*, the city of palms on the southeastern

border of the Dead Sea; and Professor John A. Paine may be right in supposing that the ancient mount and the modern *Jebel Siâghah* are one and the same. Its remarkable character as a jutting headland is said to be apparent from all sides, and it seems to be the very place to be chosen for a lookout over the whole country. The main conclusion so far reached is that *Nebo* was the highest portion of the range of mountains, and *Pisgah* the extreme headland.

QUEEN MARY'S GHOST.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MADGUERITE KENT."

CHAPTER III.

AFTER they have disappeared, I draw my eyes nearer home, to the fountain that plays from out the imperial crown atop in a spray down over the figures of *Rizzio*, and *Mary*, and *Elizabeth*; and, as the sun sinks behind the *Canongate*, I watch the water fret over their faces.

The window at which I stand is embedded, as it were, between the turrets projected on either hand, in a square recess that is paneled quite apart from the main chamber, which, as I turn to it now, nervous with restrained thought, I see clouded with a dry fog of shade, which blows from every corner, with almost my thought, to the window I have left.

Fortunately, this gloom, born so suddenly, does not dye deeper all at once, but continues gray and vivacious, as these northern twilights always do, for a long while yet.

As I pace to and fro, I am awed from out my feverish thoughts by the air of desolation that every thing about me asserts. Involuntarily I look behind me to see whether I am leaving tracks in the dust on the floor, and in so doing run against the four-posted bed which stands jutting far out from the wall, a square of dry-rot, which cries out upon me at the contact in rickety creaks and cracks of denunciation that are heart-breaking enough for a real voice.

The hangings of crimson damask are moth-eaten and decayed; the silken fringes and tassels, mouldy-green in color, stretch from post to post, edging the canopy that *Mary Stuart* pillowed her uneasy head under so many, many years ago.

I picture her lying there, as fair and young as *Cecile*, just as she came fresh from the beloved shores of France, to rule the savages of this wild, rebellious country. I forget her sins—I forget every thing but her beauty and her misfortunes, and reach up to gather, in memory of her, a bit of the sad old fringe.

I hold it, as I walk to and fro, reverently in my hand; and I touch, just where she may have touched, the faded tapestry hanging on the walls. I am becoming so possessed with thought of her that, as I look up at her picture, the sweet, plaintive face made by God to enare the souls of men, I have to think hard to prevent myself from bending the knee.

Over my head, the ceiling is divided in

diamond and hexagonal panels, as frames to the coats of arms and initials of royalty, and the cobwebs are in each notch, like phantom sponges, with a spider hiding in every pore.

I stand in front of the fireplace to look up at Elizabeth's wooden face, set in her halter of ruff, as antagonistically as though she were my own picked and chosen enemy. I regret the pistol left lying in my trunk at the hotel, thinking how agreeably I might make the time fly by peppering away at the target of her nose.

This serves to remind me of Dundas's last request, and, as I unscrew the top of his flask, I am reminded again that on the table the game-pie awaits my attack, and that it would be perhaps as well not to defer operations.

I am more cadaverous at the end of my feast than I was at its beginning, for I have had a vision wedded to every mouthful—of Cecile eating hers elsewhere than at my side, and start up from my seat insane with a desire to have it out with some man of my size.

Then I am startling again awake the ghostly footsteps that echo mine so from the audience-chamber yonder, and the little turret-room where Rizzio ate his last supper.

In the dim light I see the figured hangings of silk, blotched with mildew and eaten in ghastly holes, stringing down from the skeleton frames on the walls; and upon the mantel-piece, as I enter, I find the name "Mary Stuart" written in the dust lying an inch thick upon it.

I begin to wonder, in the midst of the decay and desolation, if Cecile's finger was the one which traced it there, and at the thought I begin tenderly to widen out the limits of each letter by writing it over again with my own. When I stop in my ramble, the entire world of the old palace seems to catch its breath for fear of making the least sign of life, and the intense silence stands as if on tiptoe, awaiting another break which comes whenever I move an uneasy foot, or touch, in passing, any of the quaint old furniture.

Here, in the turret, I hear a sound go walling up, like the wind crying in a rigging with pain, and I know that it is a sudden swing of the breeze about the stern, gray towers.

I seek, just outside the turret-room door, the one half-hidden by tapestry, through the bars of which Cecile crept so mischievously that day.

There is a clang of echoes as I walk to it and touch tenderly the cold iron that has pressed so closely her dear flesh. I press my face against them, and the heat of my lips is killed at once. Through the rusty rounds I see dimly the narrow stone steps go winding down. The air, cool with the rush up the draft of the spiral, beats upon my cheek like a ghost's breath trying to blow me cold.

All at once I am seized with a desire to go everywhere that she has been, and am stooping to put my leg through, and trying to crowd between the bars, which are not placed here—as below-stairs—so very close together.

I succeed well enough to know that, in order to be entirely successful, only an addi-

tional incentive to reach the other side is required.

Now I am back again in the perpendicular, and walking away to the window to look at my watch, and count how many hours are left me to stay here.

It is eight o'clock, and the stars are beginning to spot out from their field of blue in a thick blossoming as of dandelions.

The guide will be here at five o'clock with the keys, and there are nine hours yet to be made the best of in this place of rust, and blight, and mildew.

As I lean up against the window-sash I am a little stirred by hearing a noise not made by myself, a tick-tick that sounds at once foreboding and unearthly, and when I think again I know that I am listening for the first time to the "death-watch"—which is said so surely to foretell misfortune.

It is in the wainscoting near my feet, and I reach down with my hand to find in the dark, if I may, the haunt of the beetle. As I do so, feeling squeamish and ashamed of myself, only the flapping of a raven's wing against the window, or the hooting of an owl about the turrets, could fitly play an accompaniment to my mood.

I am glad to raise my head again to see the moon risen behind the palace, silvering the house-tops; and below, how the shadow of the palace sprawls grotesquely across the square.

It is not long before I find my eyes opening and shutting drowsily, while a peculiar torpor begins all at once to penetrate and take possession of every bone in my body.

I cast about in my mind for a memory in this room of any thing to sit or lie upon.

The bed yonder is guiltless either of mattress or pillow, and the chairs that I remember standing about, covered with embroidery wrought by the fair fingers of Mary and her maids-of-honor, are altogether too prim and stately for a lounge.

Cecile's throne is there, the cavernous arm-chair, and perhaps she has left it warm behind her. At the thought I am groping away from the recess to the spot where I know it must be.

In the dark I stumble up against its back, and then, feeling with my hands for its seat, I tumble sleepily upon it.

As I do so, I think of Rip Van Winkle's encounter with mischievous spirits—with just such peaked gray caps upon their heads as these turrets wear, and I wonder if, like him, the drink that I have taken is accountable for the strange lethargy which is crawling stealthily over me through every vein.

Are these rooms really haunted by the ghosts of Mary Stuart and her courtiers, and, in order that they may enjoy to-night's frolic unmolested, are they binding me over in this way to keep the peace?

I believe that I hunt for the flask and find it. And the draught brings out, like a bright enamel upon the gloom, not Cecile's face exactly, but one that has a look of her—from the frame that I saw in the daylight hanging on yonder wall—pallid and sweet, and bruised with feeling as a flower bent by a storm.

I shut my eyes against it, it is so real and pleading, and I am so helpless to save. I cannot get away from her though, for I hear the rustle of her silken dress, the clinking of golden chains coming nearer and nearer—I hear her sweet voice singing her lament for France—I feel the light, awakening touch of her warm, soft fingers upon my face!

When I open my eyes again, it is almost with a spring out from my chair.

There is certainly the music of a dress sweeping close by—there is surely a light changing the whole complexion of the room from ebony to a ghastly green, and in it I see a wraith of Mary Stuart, standing almost within reach of my hand.

My heart leaps fairly into my mouth, and I swallow hard in the next breath to get it back again into its proper place. I am trembling as if just awakening from a nightmare, and too numb with astonishment to move hand or foot. It is only left me to stare breathlessly at the marvel of the scene!

In the ghastly green glare she is moving slowly about, singing a plaint which is heart-breaking, and the sweep of her silken train across the floor is as a wail following after. There is a black coil upon her head, pointed about her pallid, frozen face like the rim of a heart, a white veil hanging down behind a stiff ruff about her neck. I see her as she sings, fingering with deathly fingers, bead by bead, the rosary upon her breast.

I hear a voice now from the outer chamber—and at its sound she stops in her walk, to raise her hands with a gesture of mingled weariness and passion, to lay them closely over her ears.

It is a stern, hollow voice, saying: "Ah, fair ladies, how pleasant were this life of yours if it should ever abide, and then in the end we might pass to heaven with this gear! But fie on that knave Death, that will come whether ye will or not! and when he hath laid on the arrest, then foul worms will be busy with this flesh, be it never so fair and tender; and the silly soul, I fear, shall be so feeble, that it can carry with it neither gold, garnishing pearl, nor precious stones."

"Will I never be rid of him?" I hear the queen cry, and then with it mocking laughter as of many voices in the cabinet without.

"Good Knox," comes another shrill voice—"fare you well; and it were better with you if your trumpet-blasts against the monstrous regimen of women were blown only in the pulpit. So you keep far from her majesty's hearing."

Then there is more derisive laughter, and another train comes rustling across the floor, and a tall, spare woman comforts Mary, who is wringing her hands and sobbing.

"My subjects, it would appear, must obey him, not me. I must be subject to them, not they to me."

"Madame, do not permit this man to knock so hastily upon your heart as to bring tears."

"Never was prince handled as I am. I vow to God I shall be once avenged."

"That is truly so, but your majesty must

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not allow this man of heretical texts to fret your soul. There are swords in plenty to quit you of him, and Erskine of Dun has one at his side as he takes him now to the door. If I bore it so near his body he should be spitted upon it ere he traveled half-way to St. Giles."

Their voices are scarcely above a whisper, and the spectral light is upon their faces, enameling each feature with fearful effect.

Through the window in the recess behind them I see the moon sinking in the sky, looking strangely dead and white, in contrast with this green radiance.

Now the arras dropped over the door leading into the turret-room is drawn aside by an unseen hand, and a man steps out to stand aside, holding his cap so low in his hand that its white feather sweeps the floor as Mary passes in.

In his other hand I see suspended a lute, and, recovering from my first great start as I am, yet his face looks also so dead in this weird atmosphere that I feel as though I would not touch him for the world.

Inside the turret-room is a table spread, and, as Mary seats herself silently upon the sofa at one side, and the candle-lights fight to conquer the spectral glare which fills every nook and cranny, there is the sound of foot-steps approaching from the audience-chamber without, and a dame, attired in brocade and feathers, steps loftily across the room, followed by two courtiers, into the supping-closet.

I am fully persuaded of being wide awake now, for, as they passed, my hand hanging down was brushed slightly against by the velvet of her train. Really interested to see what is going to happen next, I do not stir.

I see them drink from the cups, and their lips move stiffly in conversation, but I cannot hear a word they utter. Only shrill laughter sometimes mingles the silence, and is echoed in a smothered way from another crew in the outer chamber.

Presently the queen, waited upon by the two courtiers standing at her back, leans across the table to speak to the man who drew the arras and stepped aside as she entered.

"Give us, David," I hear her say in a hoarse whisper, "a madrigal of swift repeats and reports, that I may live out of the fancies which this night puts upon me."

At this Rizzio raises the lute lying at his side, and, drawing his fingers across its strings, I hear begun the refrain of a song which is quaint with old-time meaning, and so tenderly given that the queen bows her head upon the edge of the table to listen.

As he plays and sings in a low, breathless way, there is no other sound. But when he drops the lute and reaches forward to accept a cup of wine from the queen's own hand, all at once a tall, slim figure stalks out from the gloom of the arras to stand upon the threshold of the closet.

As he appears, each occupant of the room starts with astonishment, and the gentlemen waiting upon the queen step aside that he may enter and seat himself upon the sofa.

"What pleasure have you here, Darnley?" asks the queen, hoarsely; then, as he moves still nearer and essays putting his arm about

her, I see her shrink away from his touch, holding up both hands as though she would push him off.

Before he may answer, the shade of the arras gives birth to another form, this time clad in complete armor; and when the queen raises her head from its repelling droop away from her husband, she looks up into the ghastly visage of the apparition.

His back is turned upon me, so I cannot see his face, but the visor of his cap is raised, disclosing it to Mary, and at its sight the queen springs to her feet, crying out upon the man seated at her side the one word "Judas!"

"What dare you here, my Lord Ruthven?" She turns to face the man upon the threshold. "I command you quit my sight."

He does not follow even with his eyes the line indicated by the point of her imperiously extended finger, but remains standing grimly and motionless before her.

"Let yon man come forth. He has been here over-long," comes in a hollow, reverberating voice, while he points at Rizzio behind and sheltered by the queen's body.

"What has he done? He is here by my will." She turns, with her proud air broken, to Darnley. "Why do you this thing?"

"Tis not I," Darnley half stutters, half laughs; "it is nothing."

"Madame," interrupts Ruthven, in the same terrible voice, "this villain David has offended us. He has caused your majesty to banish a great part of the nobility, that he might be made a lord. He has been the destroyer of the commonwealth, and must learn his duty better.—Take the queen, your wife, to you," he adds, as Mary, trembling violently, throws herself still more in his way.

Rizzio is kneeling upon the floor behind, and clinging in affright to her dress.

"Lay no hands on me," cries Ruthven, unsheathing his dagger, as the gentlemen in waiting hasten now to fall upon him. "I will not be handled." And then there is a tramp of more feet, a rush of armed forms crowding to back him, until the little room bristles with the gleaming points of swords and daggers.

"No harm is intended to you, madame; but only to that villain."

They are reaching over her shoulder to get at Rizzio, crouched upon the train of her dress.

"Justice! Save my life, madame—save my life!"

"Do not hurt him!"—the queen stretches out her arms entreatingly. "If he has done wrong, he shall answer to justice."

But she cannot stay them. The lawless crew are forgetting her sex and royalty, and a brutal borderer has pushed his pistol against her bosom.

"Give way!" he cries, fiercely; and I can stand it no longer.

The queen's voice has been altogether too much like Cecile's, and my brain is all awirl with excitement. Just as I hear the table topple over with the crash of dishes, and out from the closet they come dragging almost by his hair the struggling wretch, I am in their midst, and, true to the instinct of my day, hitting hard and straight out from the

shoulder at Ruthven's steel cap. To my dying hour I shall carry the scars of that contact on my knuckles.

"Confound you for a set of unmannerly hounds!" I cry, as they hustle past me to disappear through the doorway opening into the presence-chamber, and with them, at the sound of my voice, the green glare also goes out, and I am left standing there in the dark, feeling about with my hands to grasp at the silken skirts slipping past me in flight. The ends of my fingers are cheated just as they close. I tread upon broken dishes, I smell the greasy odor of candles suddenly quenched, I am exactly on the spot where I saw her standing last, and searching in vain with my arms.

"Cecile!" I cry, passionately. Now that the spectral light is put out, I see over my shoulder how the moon shines in upon the bedchamber floor in a patch as of white velvet laid upon the soft, taick gloom, and I know that, if my bird is here, she may not fly unseen.

I search with my feet slipping among the dishes crashed upon the floor about the overthrown table, grope around the walls with my fingers catching in the rags of old silk, and just as I am about to complete my circuit the corner before me is forsaken by a white form tiptoeing to the door.

The legs of the fallen table are stretching out between us, and she has the start of me by a few steps.

"Cecile," I call to her, "do not run—speak to me!"

But she is gone, and her white veil floats over the moonlight on the floor like a cloud. I reach to grasp it, and my fingers meet together as in real vapor.

"I can run faster than you, you foolish child;" for I have reached before her the door leading into the presence-chamber, and, thus heading her off, lean my back up against it.

I am not answered save by a few dull echoes as of persons moving about below, and I am aware that they may return for her at any moment. The thought startles me into a rapid study of the room. Just as I decide to make a rush for the corner opposite I hear the click of something striking against iron. I am across the room in a breath, and reaching through the bars with both hands. They just escape touching her, and that is all. Then there is the cautious rustling of silk against the narrow limits of the stairs, and the air blown past her is scented with a faint sweetness of violet, and I know well that it is she.

"Child, do not!" I cry, earnestly; "you will surely fall."

But she does not listen. The rustling and the scent of violet grow fainter, and die loiteringly.

For a moment I struggle and crowd, but I have found the incentive which I lacked hours ago to reach the other side, and I fight hard inch by inch.

The thought of catching her alone on these dark stairs is enough. Gasping for breath, at last I whisper:

"Cecile, I am afraid of the dark; wait for me!"

My hand slips upon the cold, bare stones of the outer wall of the spiral as I begin my pursuit, step by step, cautiously at first, the turn is so sharp, more rapidly as I soon learn how.

I hear the silken brush of her dress only a little below me now, and, as I follow round and round dizzily, I reach down with one hand to stop her.

I touch merely the top of her head: I feel plainly the velvet of her coil, and snatch at it, hoping thereby decisively to stay her flight.

But she is so quick of thought that she unloosens it, and it comes off in my hand.

I do not care whether I break my head or not now. I am running down in a way calculated to make me mad and irresponsible when I do once touch her.

Suddenly I step upon her dress; there is the rasp of a tear, and, as she turns to free herself, I have her at last in my arms.

Her hair is brushing my face, her hands are pushing me off; she is trembling violently, and almost sobbing.

"Ceille"—I bend down past the fluff of her hair to where it is warmer—"my beautiful queen, I will take my reward now."

I have loved ghosts ever since. I don't remember much more. I believe it is getting lighter at the end of the stair, just at the other bars which divide us from Darnley's room.

I believe she frees herself at last, and before I may snatch her again has crawled between these, and, without once having spoken, is away through the moonlight.

I am left caged, the bars here are put so close together; and, as she flies, I beg her to wait for me until I may return up-stairs.

But I do not find her at all. Only the door opening out into the quadrangle is ajar, and shows that she has fled with the rest.

The next thing I know I am knocking at Dundas's door at the hotel—not only knocking, but entering.

Dundas is lying in bed, evidently fast asleep.

The moon shines in here also, but, not content with its light, I walk deliberately to the gas-jet and set it aflame. When this is done, I hasten to inspect his sleeping countenance.

I stand some little time gazing down upon him without uttering a word. Not an eyelid stirs, not a feature. He is stretched at full length, limp with innocence, ingenuously abstract.

"Will you be kind enough to conjugate the irregular verb 'possum?'" I inquire, presently, in a tone resonant with solemnity.

No answer.

"So you are asleep, are you? I suppose your consciousness is just now as obsolete as the dodo or the primitive ox?"

At this, he starts a little, and opens up at me two eyes which are very drowsy, and remarkably void of speculation.

"Holloa!" he cries, "where'd you come from? It's queer—I was just dreaming of you. I thought you'd gone mad, or something or other."

"So I have. And you'll be the first vic-

tim. I want you to get up and turn the gas off."

"What do you take me for?"

"Somebody who doesn't want to be pulled out of bed by the heels."

"Well, I never! Now, Schuyler, just go to bed, there's a good fellow, and tell me all about it in the morning. I'm confoundedly sleepy just now. I don't see how you had the heart to wake me up."

"I give you your choice, and exactly one minute to take it in. Either jump up and turn off the gas, or expect me to tear every sheet off that bed!"

"Now, this is too much." He furtively grasps from underneath at the edges of the bedclothes, which are drawn this warm night close up about his neck. "I have half a mind to fire something at you."

"I dare you to." I have taken hold of the counterpane. "Say your prayers, my friend, and don't think about breakfast."

And notwithstanding his frantic efforts to keep them as they are, slowly and determinedly I draw the bedclothes one by one away from him, until stark and shining is exposed to view the entire disguise, including the gleaming corset and scarlet sash of my Lord Ruthven.

The little velvet coil hangs to-day upon my dressing-glass. It has been made over so as to hold shaving-paper cut to a convenient size, and twice a year, upon the anniversaries of the ghost party and of our wedding, Ceille replenishes it.

We have heard, since her frolic, of the authorities in Edinburgh having replaced the iron bars at either extremity of the secret stairs in Holyrood with solid doors, as a greater security against trespassing, and Dundas has been as good as his word in making up to the guide the loss of his position there.

He is our gardener now at Rock Hill, and we love to walk in the garden and question him about the flowers, just for the sake of listening to his broad Scotch accent.

There is one thistle in the centre of the prettiest flower-bed, which he will never root up, Ceille loves it so.

The children love it too, and they call it the "pincushion flower."

NANNCHEN OF MAYENCE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF BERTHOLD AUERBACH.

IV.

THE helmsman had a boat of his own, and proposed, as there was still time, that they should row to Biebrich. The suggestion was joyfully accepted; Becker shrugged his shoulders, but went with the rest of the party.

They entered the boat. Nannchen sat beside her father, Wilhelm opposite to the aunt, and the uncle at the helm. The skiff floated lightly down the Main into the Rhine. Around the boat were numerous others filled with gayly-dressed people, singing merry songs; and the sun shone so brightly, the waves sparkled, the shores gleamed, and

Becker drew a long breath, and looked around with a radiant face: he suddenly felt free and light-hearted as if there were no loads to be carried and dragged about on earth, as if every thing floated as lightly as the skiff danced over the waves.

"Oh, how beautiful this is, father!" said Nannchen, looking up in his face.

"Yes," said he; "and can you even think for a minute of going away from here?"

She had no time to answer, for Wilhelm rose and begged the helmsman to let him steer. He threw off his coat, removed his cap, said he had rowed and steered a great deal in his home on the Havel, and eloquently praised the beauty of his native river.

"Pshaw!" said Becker, spitting into the Rhine; and, turning to Nannchen, added, in a low tone: "Now you see how conceited and bold these Prussians are! He has the impudence, while on the Rhine, to talk about the Havel, whose marshy water is so thick that one can write with it if he dips in a pen. You see into what mire you will get if I don't pull you out."

"Yet, father," replied Nannchen, "that is nothing wrong. Every one praises his home, and thinks the place where he spent his childhood beautiful, and that is right."

The father looked angrily at his daughter, and then gazed silently down into the waves. It vexed him to have his child overthrow all his best ideas as if they were of no value.

He looked at his daughter, but she did not see him; her eyes were fixed upon Wilhelm, and her father could not help acknowledging that the young soldier was a handsome fellow. Erect, yet lithe and graceful, the white vest fitted closely over his broad chest, his muscular arms appeared under the white shirt-sleeves, his neck was somewhat long but round and firm, his thick fair hair fell over a white forehead, his eyes were blue and bright, his cheeks bronzed by the sun, the lips under the brown mustache were fresh and red, and seemed to be still smiling for joy at having kissed Nannchen.

They landed at Rheinau. The island was quiet and lonely; it contained only one farmhouse, and nobody was at home except an old man-servant, who was taking his noon-day nap in the stable. But the helmsman had brought several bottles of wine, and they were soon sitting on the grass talking and laughing merrily; only the porter jeered at the whole party for drinking their wine sitting on the ground, and rowing out to an island, when they could have been so much more comfortable at an inn. It vexed him most of all that Nannchen and Wilhelm could sing so well together.

When evening closed in, they set out on their way home, and Wilhelm now showed that he really could row well; and very handsome he looked as he managed the oars so lightly. The helmsman nodded gayly to him, but Becker scarcely vouchsafed him a single glance.

When they landed, Nannchen's father took her hand, and, with a "Good-by, all," left the others standing together, and walked with her toward home.

In the evening Becker was sullen, for it

vexed him that the affair was not ended—nay, perhaps just begun. He was not sure that he had not been taken by surprise: had he not promised to speak to Meister Knussman?

That very evening a letter came from Wilhelm, in which the latter said he was very grateful to Herr Becker for having offered to speak to Meister Knussman, but it was no longer necessary: by a lucky accident he had met Meister Knussman on the river-bank, and was going to work with him early the next morning.

"These confounded Prussians are lucky," said Becker, as he went to bed.

For several days the porter was so sullen and angry that he could no longer join the others at the "Ship," where he drank his ten-o'clock pint of wine, in abusing the Prussians; he sat in silence, for he did not know whether he might not be obliged to bite the sour apple, and take a Prussian for a son-in-law.

If he had been aware how many happy hours Nannchen and Wilhelm had talked away during the leisure evenings, how doubly happy she was to see him at work at his trade of cabinet-maker, and how contented the work made Wilhelm, who now had the two greatest boons a man can desire, love and labor—and he knew how to value both—as I said before, if her father had known this, which he perhaps suspected, he would have been still more provoked. Becker was already beginning to reflect upon what he should do the following Sunday: he did not wish to ramble about in the open air to places where he really did not want to go, an object of ridicule to others and himself, and yet he did not know how to manage.

Early Sunday morning, just as he was about to leave the house, Wilhelm came up. He made a military salute, and said:

"Will you allow me to walk a little way with you? I have something to tell you."

"But I am in a great hurry," replied Becker.

"So am I," said Wilhelm.

So the porter was obliged to walk through the city in broad daylight with the soldier, who very politely kept on the left side. Wilhelm said that the troops had unexpectedly received marching orders; his regiment was going to Magdeburg, and it was said that war was to be declared with Schleswig-Holstein.

Becker looked at him with a sarcastic smile.

"The Prussians declare war! Nonsense! It's nothing but talk. The Prussians never fight." However, he did not feel obliged to express his opinion, but walked silently on beside the soldier, and, when the latter asked him if he would allow him to bid Nannchen farewell, nodded—he could not prevent him; no father can protect a girl who does not protect herself.

For the first time in his life, Becker stumbled in unloading the ship, and fell flat on the ground.

"That comes of not thinking about what one is doing," he said, rubbing his knees and elbows.

Meantime, Wilhelm was with Nannchen.

They did not sit idly side by side; Nannchen was collecting the clothes, and she took Wilhelm's shirts first of all and ironed them out of their turn.

Nannchen, unlike Wilhelm, submitted to the separation calmly. She promised to go down to the railway-station when the regiment left; she would show her father and every one that she belonged to Wilhelm. The latter was obliged to go away very soon, but could come back again for an hour in the evening. Nannchen's father, uncle, and aunt, sat in the room together; as it grew dark, Nannchen entered, holding Wilhelm's hand. She requested that they should be formally betrothed; but, for the first time, failed to obtain the support of her uncle, who, speaking before her father, said:

"If you are agreed, it is not necessary, and if one should perhaps be deserted by the other, it is better for you not to be betrothed."

In spite of her aunt's persuasions—she, too, seemed to desert her cause—Nannchen would not be dissuaded from going to the railway-station. Her father said he would stay at home, but secretly followed her. Standing apart under a shed, Wilhelm placed a ring on his Nannchen's finger, they kissed each other, and as they looked up, a shooting-star darted in a wide curve through the sky over their heads.

The regimental band played merrily, loud cheers resounded through the air, and Nannchen said:

"I believe and you believe that we shall be true to each other; and now farewell, keep a brave heart, remember me to your mother, and write to me."

The cars rolled away, the cheers of the soldiers drowned the rumbling of the wheels, then a sudden silence fell upon the scene, and nothing was heard except the rushing of the river, which is not perceived amid the noisy sounds of day. Now, for the first time, Nannchen wept bitterly, and she knew that Wilhelm was weeping too, but she also knew he would regain his composure as quickly as she.

She went home. At the door her father met her. He consoled her, and stoutly declared that there would be no war, yet he secretly wished he might be wrong, and was almost angry with himself for hoping the Prussian would be shot; he had never wished anybody harm before in all his life. "But that's the way with us," he said, buttoning his coat—"that's the way with us when we are betrayed into unnecessary follies."

Wilhelm sent a letter from Magdeburg, in which he said that they were in garrison, and the rumors of war had ceased. But, when the leaves were falling from the trees, a letter came which said, "We shall march to-morrow." Nannchen moved wearily about her work, and involuntarily sang, "To-morrow we shall march away, away, away."

v.

THE winter campaign was a hard one, but many warm-hearted letters passed to and fro between Altoona and Mayence.

Nannchen was full of sorrow about the severe winter, and in her dreams often saw

Wilhelm lying frozen in the snow; but consoling letters constantly arrived, and she wanted to give them to her father to read, but he would not look at them; he was angry with the Prussians who can write so well.

The day before the storming of the Düppel redoubt, a letter arrived at Gartenfeld, whose concluding lines were: "I remember your words, 'Keep a brave heart'—you may rely upon me. Amid the hail of bullets I shall always repeat them, and, if I fall, I send you a thousand loving messages. I do not want you to grieve away your life for me; make some other man happy, but you will not be so happy with any one as with me; and if I die, throw the ring I gave you into the Rhine on the anniversary of the day that we all went to Rheinau. It seems to me now as if it were a dream that there was ever such a happy day on earth. I expect such days will come again and again in heaven. And now, farewell; don't grieve too much; all may yet, please God, be well. Many a bullet passes by many a man, as we have often sung. Farewell a thousand times, and if I die tell your father he must forgive me if I ever offended him. Farewell a thousand times."

This time Becker was obliged to hear the letter. He said nothing for a long time; and, when Nannchen gazed at him with tearful eyes, at last muttered:

"I wouldn't have supposed a Prussian had so much heart."

Days and nights elapsed, but no news arrived. The victory was in every one's mouth, but nothing could be learned of Wilhelm. Nannchen ventured to go to the commander; she secretly trembled as the quartermaster mumbled over the list of killed and wounded, often glancing over the top of the paper at the waiting girl. One man named Becker had fallen, but he was not called Wilhelm, and did not come from the Havel. No one could give her any further particulars. She now wrote to Wilhelm's mother, but she also replied that she was full of anxiety, and had received no tidings.

The first steamer went down the Rhine, now freed from its fetters of ice. When the boat's bell sounds for the first time every one is full of joy, all life is thawed out, the world is open again. The spring was beautiful, the flowers bloomed, the birds sang; but nothing could cheer Nannchen, and she was angry with her uncle when he said Wilhelm had certainly been taken prisoner; he was surely sensible enough to allow himself to be captured rather than shot.

"He never did that," said Nannchen; "he would rather die."

At last, on the Sunday after Easter, a letter came from Flensburg. It was in a stranger's hand, and ran as follows.

"DEAR NANNCHEN: Forgive me for not being able to write to you. I did not want to give you any news until matters had advanced so far."

(A mist dimmed Nannchen's eyes when she read this, but she passed her hand over them and continued:)

"For your sake, I preferred to die rather than be a cripple, though I know you would

not have deserted me. God will forgive me for having thought less of my mother than of you. The case stands thus: I received a bullet in my right arm, and they wanted to take it off, but I insisted I would rather die than be a cripple. And to-day the doctors said it could be saved, but whether I shall ever be able to use it they do not yet know. Dear Nannchen, don't grieve too much about it, remember that I might have died. Have no anxiety, I shall be well cared for. The lady who writes this to you is a doctor's wife. She is from Berlin, and a Jewess. But all people are alike in war, and ought to be so in peace. She looks like your friend Fränz; she, too, has short, black curls and a kind heart. She does not turn away when I talk about you. But she cannot stay with me long. In a week the doctors say I can be moved from here. I have begged to be taken to my mother. Write to me here at once, and, after a week, to my mother's care. I hope you will not have a crippled husband, but perhaps I shall no longer be able to work at my trade. I don't know what I ought to say. Tell me what you think of it, and your father, too."

When Nannchen had read this letter, she did not sit still, but went hastily about her work in the garden; yet, no sooner did she return to the house, than she read the letter over and over again. It all seemed like a dream. But she was at last forced to realize that it was the truth.

When her father came that evening, and Nannchen read the letter aloud, he again sat in silence for a long time, and at last uttered the words: "The Prussians provide well for their wounded. Now, Wilhelm can be beadle or toll-keeper in Poland, where the people go about wrapped in sheepskins ten months in the year. Do you feel inclined to marry him and live where you will hear nothing all the year round, except the whistling of the wind, and see nothing except a few carts with half-starved horses? The inhabitants of that country don't believe that there is any such thing as wine in the world."

VI.

QUIET days elapsed, and Nannchen did not say another word about Wilhelm. Her father often looked at her in surprise, and was both pleased and vexed with her reserve. But his principal thought was: "She is a good girl, she won't allow herself to be helped in anything." But he was also to learn that she would not allow herself to be opposed in any thing; for, one day, when a letter came from Havelstadt announcing that Wilhelm was with his mother, Nannchen said:

"Father, I have arranged every thing, the business can go on without me; I shall go to Wilhelm to-morrow."

"So you will go to him without even asking me?"

"Dear father, what shall I ask, when I am determined not to be persuaded to change my mind?"

"Don't say 'Dear father.' When people talk in that way, they needn't begin with 'Dear father.' Did you understand me? Why is your nimble little tongue so quiet?"

Is what I have said so silly? Speak. What are you crying about? Crying is no answer."

"Father, I don't want to leave you in anger," Nannchen faltered at last.

"And I don't want you to leave me."

"Then I must do so secretly."

"Secretly?"

He rose and put his hands on his lips. There was a strange mental conflict reflected in his face, and he said, at last:

"You won't go secretly, and you won't go alone. You will go with me, and I shall go with you. So long as my eyes are open, I will see where you go, and where you are, and where you stay. Be calm. Drop my hand. Why do you want to kiss it? This is all nonsense. I am your father, I shall go with you. But say nothing about it; let the people gossip when we are gone. Pack up what I want quietly; we will go down the Rhine early to-morrow morning on the first boat. I want to see how the river looks at Bingen. There—that's right, now you have your own bright face again. Your mother was just the same. I never saw her weep but twice, and afterward her face was as bright as the sky after a thunder-storm. There, now, we have talked enough for the present; there will be plenty of time on the way."

Nannchen arranged every thing carefully in the house and garden. Once she started in surprise, for she found herself singing. She sang while Wilhelm was lying severely wounded. But she had a feeling of certainty that now all would be well, and the happiness of being once more at peace with her father sparkled in her face, so that her aunt, who had come from Kostheim to console her, looked at her in astonishment. She would scarcely believe that Becker could be so amiable; but she was wise, too, and instantly said that the journey down the Rhine would cost very little; she would give her brother-in-law a pass belonging to her husband, who, as helmsman, always had a free passage on the steamers.

Early the next morning, the father and daughter went to the Rhine and gazed at the river and the gleaming landscape. Becker easily obtained permission to leave his work for a few days; he had never asked it before. Many of his companions were present, as Becker only took a ticket to Bingen. This served a double purpose: for, in the first place, his comrades did not know where he was going; and, secondly—as he explained to Nannchen on the steamer—on leaving Bingen, where he was not known, he could continue the journey under his brother-in-law's name.

"O father, can you do that, travel under a strange name? People—"

"Don't say it; you are right, I only fancied I could do it. Cost what it will, I'll pay my personal freight. And it won't be reckoned by weight," he added, smiling. "There, now, it's all right. Put your uncle's pass in your pocket, that I may not lose it."

And they sailed on down the Rhine.

Until they reached Bingen Becker stood on the deck beside the helmsman, and helped him turn the wheel. He was glad to have something to do.

Nannchen sat quietly on deck. She read the letter over and over again, then rubbed her folded handkerchief over her face, as if to efface all traces of sorrow, and looked brightly around her. "How wide and beautiful the world is, and yet yonder a good man is lying in a quiet room suffering intense pain! But now he must easily overcome it all, for to-day, at this very hour"—Nannchen had inquired at the post-office—"he will receive the letter with the news that she is coming. How delightful it is that people can write to each other!"

After leaving Bingen, the father joined his daughter and said:

"Won't you drink a glass of wine, too? The captain has some that's very nice. He only made me pay half the passage-money, and I have remained an honest man. Now I'll imagine myself an Englishman looking at our Rhine."

Becker was very gay and asked a young man, who held a red book in his hand, to tell him the names of the cities and mountains. Nannchen was delighted to see her father in such good spirits. The day was beautiful, not even the smallest cloud appeared in the sky, and Becker exclaimed: "Don't you smell any thing? I think I smell the vineyards, which are in bloom now. Thirty years ago there was a magnificent vintage; it was at the time we were married."

Tears glittered in his eyes, and he winked his lashes very hard, for the stern, rude man cherished a loving memory of his dead wife.

When the steamer stopped at Neuwied, Nannchen said:

"Wilhelm's uncle lives yonder in the valley." That was the only time she spoke of him; she did not wish to irritate her father, who was unusually gay.

During the railway journey he was as gloomy and irritable as he had been cheerful while on the Rhine.

"There," he said to Nannchen, "you see what we are coming to. And you want to stay in such a country!"

"What is the matter, father?"

"Surely you can read. Read that."

Nannchen read a placard fastened on the wall of the railway-station—"Beware of pickpockets"—and laughed.

"Do you laugh?" exclaimed her father; "and it seems to me as if I felt strangers' hands in my pockets all the time, and they wanted to steal the heart out of my body. Zounds! what are we coming to?"

He buttoned his coat closely up to his throat, but the next moment tore it open, exclaiming:

"They have robbed me of every thing already, my pocket-book and money are gone."

"Father, what is the matter with you? You gave them to me."

"Did I? Yes. Have you got them? Look and see. There are a great many people running about, and every one of them may be a pickpocket."

"That may be the case at home."

Becker was silent for a time, and then began to abuse the Prussians, who were always in as great a hurry as if the world was coming to an end the next minute. Nann-

then listened patiently, and only begged him not to speak so loud. But one man, who sat in the carriage, heard the Rhinelander's words, and replied:

"You Rhinelanders seem to us rather frivolous, as we seem to you too harsh and stern. When we see you standing on the banks of the Rhine with your hands in your pockets, we think there can be no love of work in these careless, easy-going people, who appear to have a touch of the French nature, and yet you are industrious in your way, too."

"Thank you, kindly," replied Becker.

"You are coming to North Germany for the first time, and I again see that we North-Germans have only one friend."

"Indeed—and who is that?"

"Our work. It is our only friend. Pay attention, and you will see how busy every one is. We have no time or inclination for good-natured idleness. We are harsh to others, but also to ourselves."

The man got out of the car, but the words he had uttered lingered with the Rhinelander. "The North-Germans have no friend but their work! There is something in that!"

When Becker began to complain that he could no longer get a drop of good wine—the people had nothing but gin, and made wine they called Spanish, and the French red wine was really only medicine, and no wine at all; besides, one had scarcely time to drink the fiery stuff—Nannchen took a large bottle and glass from her basket.

"This is from home," said her father. "And you are very much like your mother. I don't know why it is, but it seems to me as if I were now traveling to meet her in the other world."

For the first time he told his daughter how he had made her mother's acquaintance. She had come down the river on the market-boat, which at that time still came down the Main. He carried her chest for her, and they talked together on the way. When she wanted to pay him, he refused the money, and said: "Now you owe me something: are you willing to be in my debt?" She nodded.

When both had saved something they bought the little house in Gartenfeld. To be sure it only stood there on sufferance; for if a war should come these houses must be torn down.

"But every thing in the world is only on sufferance," said her father, in conclusion, and then was silent for a long time.

The father and daughter, who had always lived on such good terms, thought that on this journey they understood each other's heart for the first time.

The father expressed this feeling once by saying:

"It is doubly hard that we must part just at this time when we love each other so fondly. Tell me, am I a hard-hearted father?"

"No, indeed."

"Then promise me that, if he is a cripple, you will leave him."

"I can't promise that, father."

Becker relapsed into silence again.

When they were approaching Havelstadt he wiped the perspiration from his forehead with his sleeve and said:

"For what are we coming here?"

"I don't understand you, father."

"These confounded Prussian railroads make such a noise that a man can't hear his own voice. Nannchen, for what shall we say we have come here?"

"To visit Wilhelm."

"And as what?"

"I am his betrothed bride."

"Then what am I?"

"His father-in-law."

"So you are determined, even if he is a cripple, and no longer has the Prussians' only friend. You have heard that they have no friend but work."

"Then he will have me, and we can do something; if nothing else, we can keep an inn."

When the broad Havel appeared, Nannchen exclaimed:

"Father, look at all those beautiful white swans!" Becker nodded, and Nannchen continued: "They are not black at all."

"Why should they be black?"

"Because the Havel is so black that one can dip a pen into the water and write with it."

"You are very merry," said Becker. He wanted to add, "You are making fun of your father;" but he was really glad that his child was in such good spirits, and, to tease her, answered: "The Prussians make every thing out of tin; those are tin swans."

They found Wilhelm sitting in a chair.

"I can only put one arm around your neck," he exclaimed; "but wait, the other will soon be well."

Becker was much pleased with the appearance of the house and people, especially of Wilhelm's mother. It was a great joke when she put *Bierkatschale** on the table. All day long he laughed at the enormity of eating beer-soup; but he saw that people liked it, and was only glad they did not compel him by their persuasions to enjoy it, too. But he found that the Prussians did not urge their guests to eat and drink: They offered the dishes, and, if others did not like them, said no more. They did not exclaim, "Just try it! You'll be sure to like it," etc.

One morning Becker said to his daughter:

"Now I have it; you can't stay here; no vines thrive in this place."

"I'm not a vine."

"You know what I mean. But take care, people here have not and know nothing about the two best things in the world. Do you know what I mean?"

"No."

"Then take heed. They have no wine, and can't laugh."

"I am glad you are in such good spirits, father."

"Good spirits! I'm not in good spirits at all."

This was perfectly true. He walked about the little city and along the bank of the Havel, as if everybody ought to thank him for having left the beautiful Rhine to come there;

but nobody thanked him—on the contrary, he was not noticed at all.

As he stood still on the shore, watching the building of a large boat, and remarked that people did very differently on the Rhine, the carpenters scarcely looked at him, and worked steadily on; he even thought they made contemptuous remarks about him.

He could not help complaining to Nannchen that the people here were not at all friendly, but was startled when she told him that he now saw for himself how it seemed to be looked upon as a stranger. He had never treated the Prussians any differently at home.

Wilhelm had made wonderful progress toward recovery during the few days of Nannchen's stay.

The father saw that it was useless to struggle against the marriage, and now said he would make no further objections, but Wilhelm must go with him to Mayence. But the mother declared that Wilhelm was her only child, and she could not let him leave her.

"But suppose he had been killed in the war?" said Becker—"then you would have been obliged to give him up."

"That is something over which we have no control. The king requires his services, and our Lord disposes of his life; that is entirely different."

Becker looked at her in surprise. She did not plead with him, but talked authoritatively. Even the women in Prussia have a touch of the soldier.

He went angrily down to the wharf, from which a boat was to be launched that day.

Strange! There was no merriment over the work; every thing was done silently and dryly.

Becker moved nearer.

"Get out of the way, man; you don't belong here," said one of the workmen.

Becker stared at him in astonishment. Should he knock the man down? But he would not do that for his daughter's sake. He only pretended not to understand, and quietly stood still. The man went on the other side, and a lad came up and seized a stay.

Becker saw that the man was coming too near, and shouted loudly, "Go away! Zounds!"

The man turned at the shout, and at the same moment the stay broke, and he was lying under the boat.

A loud cry burst from the crowd. But Becker was quickly on the spot, raised the boat with superhuman strength, and released the man. Becker supported the boat on his shoulder a moment, then gave it a push which sent it into the water that dashed foaming around it. The old man's coat was torn from top to bottom. He stood panting for breath, and gazed around him. The man who had just ordered him away came up and said: "What are you doing? You don't belong here."

"Zounds! Are these your thanks?"

He swore and raved at the Prussians, pouring forth all the wrath that was in his soul. Just at that moment the harbor-master

* A German beverage.

came up, laid his hand on his shoulder, and said:

"Calm yourself, Herr Becker. I knew you in Mayence, where I was sergeant. It is true that you startled the man, and he fell under the boat in his fright. But you bravely rescued him again, and are worthy of all honor. You have shown strength such as is not easily to be found. Come into my office. I'll send to your son-in-law's house for another coat."

When the porter was seated in the office, the man whom he had saved came in, thanked him, and then, turning to the harbor-master, said:

"I think this gentleman deserves the medal for saving a life."

Becker did not know whether he was in jest or earnest. But the harbor-master replied:

"Certainly. And if Herr Becker wishes it, I'll report the matter to the government."

"That's enough; I want nothing more."

And when Becker went through the little city in his other coat he was another man, and all the people were different. Every one nodded to him, and he was welcomed with delight in his son-in-law's house, whither the news had already penetrated.

The harbor-master came, and several other men with him; they invited Becker and the whole family, as it was still broad daylight, to go on the first pleasure-trip in the new boat to the island of Werder. The doctor also arrived, and gave Wilhelm permission to make one of the party. And Nannchen exclaimed:

"Look, father; to-day Wilhelm will wear his badge of honor on his breast in the open air for the first time."

Becker nodded. They went down to the wharf as if in a triumphal procession. The black-and-white banner was raised on the new vessel, and the party sailed merrily away.

"The water is a beautiful blue," said Becker, dipping his hand into it; "I never thought so before."

Nannchen and Wilhelm nodded to each other. And now the party began to sing—only military songs, for the men knew no others; but Wilhelm and Nannchen joined them. Becker was not a little surprised to find such rich land on the island, and the harbor-master told him that formerly the whole had been mere marshes, but that a long time ago numerous inhabitants of Holland had immigrated there, and how every thing was now cultivated.

Becker was forced to confess that even on the Rhine there were no handsomer or finer fruit-trees.

"And you are here too," he said to the vine.

All sat joyously together. Native beer was drunk, and at last, as Becker could not relish it, wine. And Becker again heard wise words, which harmonized with those spoken on the railway; for the harbor-master said:

"Take notice, Herr Becker; this is also a parable. With you on the Rhine wine is drunk from open casks; with us from corked and sealed bottles. But the wine is the

same. And the human heart it gladdens is the same too."

Becker joyously touched glasses with the man.

On reaching home Becker said that the Prussians were really a very good sort of people. "And there are fine ships on the Havel too. But, after all, it is not so cheerful as the Rhine."

The vines, which had blossomed so beautifully, gave good wine in the autumn. The wedding was celebrated in the house of Nannchen's aunt, at Kostheim, and Fränz was bridesmaid.

Just before the departure of the young couple, Becker had another vexation, which, however, was quickly changed to joy.

"Wilhelm," he said to his son-in-law, "one thing is fortunate, you will no longer be obliged to be a soldier."

"Thank God, I am not disabled," replied Wilhelm, "I am still in the Landwehr! And I must remain there."

As has been stated, this at first vexed Becker, but he said to his brother-in-law, as if he had changed his mind:

"These Prussians are an obstinate but excellent race."

This story happened ten years ago. One might almost say a hundred years ago; for have we not lived through a century since 1864?

MISMANAGEMENT BY PHYSICIANS.

DURING a recent visit of the writer to Aiken, the noted sanitarium in South Carolina, he became impressed with the fact that the relations which existed between the invalid sojourners there and their physicians at home were, in a number of cases by far too large, of a wrongful and mischief-making character. It was distressingly common to meet those who were able and willing to lay at the door of their medical advisers the responsibility of a greater part of their ills, and who did not hesitate to denounce, in the most emphatic language, a certain lamentable ignorance, or something worse, that had governed the advice that had been given them.

To even the coolest and most dispassionate observer, one accustomed to see faults in both parties to any issue, there must finally come, after he has heard the tales that many patients can tell, the conviction that there is a class of men among the medical practitioners of the higher orders who should be shorn of their titles, and thus prevented from doing further harm in the community.

The invalids who visit Aiken are those who seek an equable climate to aid them in their endeavors to throw off pulmonary disorders. There is a large number upon whom these disorders have settled but lightly; a large number who are conscious that they are in danger; and a smaller number who know perfectly well that it must be the work of a miracle if their strength is restored to them and their lives preserved. It is from the lips of some of the members of these two last-

mentioned classes that the evidence against the doctors is to be chiefly gathered.

The writer selects the criticisms of consumptives to emphasize his remarks, for several good reasons. It would seem that the treatment of consumption is among the most important labors of a physician's life, and therefore one upon which he directs, or should direct, his best powers of observation. It would also appear that, relatively, the disease is a simple one; that its general remedies are few; that little difference of opinion exists as to the kind of remedies, and that the disease is commonly of such slow development that it can be seized and expurgated long after it has established a fast hold in the system. In each and all of these particulars it demonstrates its openness to attack and defeat, and the cases are comparatively few where it seizes upon a human being and hurries him into his grave, in spite of all prompt aid and care.

Most of the other great universal sicknesses are more complex, more violent, and are susceptible to more methods of treatment. Physicians differ radically in their estimates of the remedies that may be applied to them, and if one be attacked by a disease that belongs to one of these classes, he will receive a certain kind of treatment just as he happens to call a certain doctor. With consumption, however, the case is entirely different. The same general prescription that is good for the New-Englander is equally good for the Old-Englander, and also equally good for a native in Africa. Dry air, even temperature, nutritious food, and strict watch on a few of his habits, and any physician can instruct him, if he can talk at all. The main course that he should take is laid out before him as straight and clear as any path in any medical task.

But the charge against the men who have proved themselves to be culprits is not that they do not see and understand this course—such a charge would fall to the ground of its own weight if it were brought against children. The accusations are far more important since they deal with faults infinitely more terrible than ignorance, i. e., carelessness and neglect of duty. Remember, we are now speaking of the experience of some consumptives in the hands of their physicians, not of the innumerable unfortunates who have to complain of the other great ills, and whose miseries and disappointments must be greater as their troubles are more complex; and do not forget that we are dealing with well-taught men and a simple disorder that has simple cures.

The charges, then, are these: that many physicians fail to study the patient while they imperatively order new courses of life; that they turn enfeebled persons adrift in regions whose qualities and properties they (the physicians) know little or nothing of; that they do not tell the truth to those who seek the truth; and that they withhold it, not from a fear of the patient's inability to bear it, but from an aversion to implicate themselves in cases whose issues, being doubtful, may bring discredit upon themselves; that they fail most signally to bring to bear upon the questions of general treatment the cool,

thoughtful judgment that is demanded; and that, upon insufficient evidence, they utter hasty flats, to recall which would be to prejudice the supposed dignity of their standing; and, finally, that they so completely lose their once lofty estimate of their holy calling that they bear themselves as critics and antagonists to those who, humbled by diseases, approach them for advice and assistance.

These accusations are not made against those of the lower orders of practitioners, but against those of the upper—against those who, by the exercise of skill and real industry, have risen high in the estimation of the community, but who have forgotten to practise in the good ways that they knew when younger. It is in the work of these aged and all-powerful men that the fault seems most hateful.

That great experience should have brought them belief in themselves; that dealings with thousands should have taught them to be arrogant; that intimacy with all the sentiments of life and death should not have kept them charitable and kindly in their bearing to their fellow-men; that the traditions of their calling should not have prevented them from being hasty, half-sighted, and obstinate—are lamentations that go up every hour from many a forlorn sick-chamber; and no one stands by to record them, and make them bear the fruit they seem with.

To cite instances in support of the accusations that have been briefly made would be a useless task. The writer must content himself with the reflection that what he has charged will find support in the experience of nine invalids in every ten in the country, and that no physician can be found who will not only admit the truth of what has been said, in so far as it applies to his contemporaries, but will be able and willing to add a little testimony out of his own memory.

Still it may not come amiss to refer to examples of each of the shortcomings described, in order that the points may be illustrated.

Take the first count, for instance. A man in the last stages of consumption, whom the writer met in Aiken, had become alarmed about his condition some eighteen months before. He had gone to a prominent physician in Boston entirely unannounced, and had submitted his case to him. The physician asked in quick succession these questions: "Any consumptives among your immediate ancestors?" "Is your life sedentary?" "What have you been doing for yourself?" "Do you cough much?" The patient was then ordered to divest himself of his coat and waistcoat. The physician applied his ear to the bared chest, and ordered that "one, two, three," should be counted. The enunciating was repeated half a dozen times. Then the patient's lungs were sounded by a series of taps made by the finger-tips of the doctor's right hand. With this operation the examination was brought to a close. Scarcely four minutes had been consumed in the task. The patient was then told to put his clothing on again. The physician wrote a prescription, calling for cod-liver oil and a mild tonic, and said to

the young man, "There is nothing the matter, but perhaps you had better live in another city next winter. Give me your address." He wrote it in a pass-book, and the young man went away. The address was wanted for the use of the bill-collector.

When the patient got out of the austere presence and found himself in the street, he reflected that he had not been called upon to describe his symptoms; that he now knew nothing more about the character of his trouble than he had known before; that he had received no explanations, no encouragement, no warnings; and that he was entirely distrustful of the doctor's statement that "there was nothing the matter." He knew something was the matter. He was too pale, too weak, he coughed too much, and he had too many pains, to be put at rest by an impatient assertion made after an impatient glance at his condition.

Still the doctor was a great man.

The patient hesitated and dilly-dallied until spring came, when he went to another physician, who held up his hands in amazement, and ordered him off to Florida.

He became frightened, and he went to Florida by the first boat, and found out, after staying there two months, that it was in all probability the worst place on the surface of the earth for a person with his ailment.

The weather was exceedingly bad, and the air was heavy with moisture almost continually. Besides this, he found very little if any blood-food, such as it was positively necessary that he should have, and also that the druggists were ill supplied with fresh goods of the better sort. He was subjected to all the inconveniences of overcrowded towns, and when he fled from these he found that he had also fled from the few sorry comforts that he had been able to purchase.

The result was, that he went to Aiken with consumption fastened upon him, and I have no doubt that he is now dead.

The second physician committed as great a wrong as the first did. The weather in Florida that spring was relatively quite as bad as it was elsewhere, and the physician should have known it. Had he prescribed a drug whose quality was notoriously bad, he would have committed a misdeed similar to this one. The law does not admit the plea of ignorance of a statute to enter into the defense of a culprit. How would the law frown, then, upon the blunder of a person who sends another into danger because he failed to know what it was incumbent upon him in a positive sense that he should know. In case of the felon, knowledge, or rather a strong impression, regarding the law should be instinctive; but, in the case of a physician, the knowledge of climate and collateral matters should be as much a part of his stock of valuable information as his knowledge of medicine itself, and if he does not have it, even to the most minute particular, and if he acts in his ignorance, then he is, in the harshest meaning of the term, a wicked man.

This same case may be made to explain another point.

The physician did not tell the truth to his patient. In fact, he told him a deliberate and

mischievous falsehood, and, what is more, he proved that he spoke falsely in the same breath.

He had before him a debilitated man, whom he examined in the customary way, and to whom he said, "There is nothing the matter;" but he added, "Perhaps you'd better live in another city next winter."

Why "in another city next winter," if there was "nothing the matter?" Why did he not say, as he should have said:

"You are in danger. Your lungs are liable to become diseased, and you should not stay in the climate that produced this condition in your system a day longer than you can help."

That would have been plain and honest, and it would have produced an alarm in the breast of the sick man that would have armed him against death with some effect. The claim that reticence on a doctor's part is frequently to be desired, does not admit of denial; but it is contended that he should always talk plainly when the question of the expediency of plain talk is even doubtful, and that it is imperatively demanded by honesty and humanity that he should speak plainly when he knows the patient has stamina enough to bear the truth. It is to be safely believed that the physicians whose methods are under criticism refrain from detailing what they know or suspect of a new patient's case from sheer antipathy to embroil themselves in fresh affairs—affairs whose turns and complications might bring discredit upon themselves. They show only too plainly by their manner that they would that the invalid had gone elsewhere. They regard the stranger as an interloper in the fair circle of selected clients, and they dispatch him in one, two, three order, and send him packing about his sorry business quite as ignorant as he was before, and twice as bewildered.

It is to be said that, although the remedies for consumption are simple, it is in the application of them that the trouble lies. The physician has upon his lips a few stock pieces of advice, but if he does not comprehend the condition and physical needs of the patient (and every patient is *sui generis*), he had much better hold his tongue.

All doctors can give the staple advice to consumptives, but it is only the best taught among them that can find out what patients require modifications or elaborations of these items of advice, and what these modifications or elaborations should be. It is very nice work to make these discoveries; it requires consummate skill, great experience, and sound judgment; but it is all wholly within the duty of a good physician to perform it. Believing this, how monstrous, then, does it seem when a patient is hurried into the street with the commands, "Live in a dry atmosphere; eat nourishing food; avoid changeable climates," ringing in his ears, hearing after all but repetitions of the advice he was once accustomed to hear in the nursery! What is a dry atmosphere? Where is he to find it? How shall he take advantage of it when he has found it? What food will help him? Is it to be procured where he is to live? What are the chem-

ical changes that are to be wrought? and so on, not *ad infinitum*, but to the extent perhaps of forty or fifty queries, all to be answered within five minutes, each being absolutely necessary to enable the patient to conduct his case with intelligence.

And if these questions be not asked, and if the physician does not satisfy himself of the true and exact wants of the system that needs treatment, then creep in those errors, those dreadful mistakes, the details of which make the listener wonder if sense and humanity have any offices to perform between doctor and invalid.

If one but turn to listen, he may learn from the lips of the sufferers themselves that they have "by advice" hastened to warmer lands only to find them enveloped in fogs; that they have found places of "refuge" to be so utterly destitute of comforts that life was jeopardized within their limits; that the pains of travel have wrought evils that can never be repaired; that from lack of specific instructions they have wasted valuable time and strength in experimenting with various sorts of food; that they have discovered that their ills have been misnamed—that "debility" was consumption, that a "slight irritation of the bronchial tubes" was degeneration of the lungs, that a "nervous cough" was an unerring indicator of the approach of death. While taking fully into account the blindness and stupidity of many patients, there yet remain indictments enough against the physicians of "good repute" to cause universal distrust. One hears of delays, confused orders, inconsistencies and contradictions in diagnosis; blindness to clear indications; obstinate adherence to old methods when their worthlessness has been proved, and so on and on until the very compliment, "our first physician," becomes an abomination to the ears of a layman. Could the offenses that doctors daily, nay, hourly, commit upon the helpless and trusting folk that appeal to them for aid be defined by any method analogous to the methods by which sins against the statutes are defined and punished, it is to be believed that the crimes would present as awful an aspect as the crimes do that the courts are called upon to judge; and, moreover, that, were the doctors placed at the same bar to answer, there are not prisons enough in this country to contain the culprits that would be sent to inhabit them.

ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

MY SOUVENIRS.

BUCHANAN READ—RINEHART—POWERS.

AMONG the many platitudes for which, since it has become unfashionable and grown unpopular, Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy" is remarkable, we find the following:

"Policy counsoleth a gift, given wisely and in season,
And policy afterward approveth it, for great is the influence of gifts."

But more sagaciously, because finding a realizing echo in a greater number of human

hearts, than in the selfish expression quoted, Jonson, in his "Underwood," says of gifts:

"They are the noblest benefits, and sliak
Deepest in man; of which when he doth think,
The memory delights him more, from whom
Than what he hath received."

Yes, cold and emotionless indeed must be the heart in which remembrance is not wreathed and perfumed with gratitude when the eyes fall upon a token, however simple or insignificant, evidencing in some manner the thoughtfulness of the giver—whether it be a tribute to our own personal vanity, some little outcropping of taste or fancy, or some well-understood need. Gifts are rarely offered without a feeling that they will be acceptable, and still more rarely without the hope that they will make the recipient happier; while we have the authority of the Holy Scriptures for saying that "they who give are more blessed than they who receive." And this reminds: Of treasures which have come to me in this way, I find in my jewel-box three small shells; and in memory I am carried back to my first journey by steamboat, on the Rappahannock River; and, among the passengers, to a fair-haired, bright-eyed little girl, a stranger to me, who hung around me, asked my name, told me hers, and where she was going. Finally, drawing from her pocket a small portemonnaie, from which she abstracted the shells:

"I am going to give these to you," she said, "because I like you. Uncle brought them, with a whole heap of pretty things, from—from—oh, where! Mama?" she cried. "Ah! yes; the West Indies. No, no; you must keep them!" she continued, as I demurred, and her mother, more a stranger, smiled and bowed, "because I like you. Yes, I do!" Whereupon the little fay drew my head down, and imprinted an earnest kiss upon my lips. And I have kept them; the journey was a lonely one, undertaken under circumstances saddening to reflect upon, but brightened and beautified by this little episode.

But it was not of my precious little shells that I intended to tell, but other mementoes recalling scenes, personages, and incidents, individually delightful to ruminate upon, and not devoid of general interest. They serve to recall one of the most charming and useful periods of my life—months in the "Old World," and a winter in Italy—in Rome, with its history, its ruins, its churches, and its art; Rome, with its solemn and imposing Christian festivals, its gay, rollicking carnival, its long Lenten penance broken by *petits déjeuners*, fox-chases, and other tolerated amusements for its pleasure-loving population; and May, the month of flowers in that climate, in Florence on the rippling, musical Arno; and in Venice—Venice, the beautiful, on her seventy-two islands, rising like mole-hills out of the great sea.

Here on the table beside me is a small paper-weight, from Rome, made up in the neat manner of the Roman workers in marble, of red porphyry, Egyptian alabaster, *vert-antico*, and white Carrara marble, to imitate a book; and in recalling the donor to memory, a man *undersized*, as small men are usually distinguished, with a thin vis-

age, a tall, broad, expansive forehead, a very full suit of chestnut-brown hair thickly threaded with gray, a heavy brown mustache, a nose with the droop which indicates determination of will and energy of purpose, and a pair of clear blue eyes, full of kindness and full of poetry. It recalls a pleasant *passage des armes*; a little bantering upon some unimportant and now not-remembered subject; and the slipping of the paper-weight in my muff, with—"And this, if you please, in remembrance."

From my description, with the locality in view, need I say my generous friend was Thomas Buchanan Read, the sculptor, the painter, and the poet?

My first acquaintance with Mr. Read was through a short and very pleasant correspondence, paving the way for a still more pleasant personal acquaintance, which grew into a friendship that developed to me many of his peculiarities and idiosyncrasies. Mr. Read was undoubtedly possessed of genius, and of a high order, though of a nature too diffuse to make him willing to work for that excellence in any one pursuit which is almost invariably the result of great labor. My introduction to him occurred in his studio on the Via Margutta, on a morning round of visits by the party to which I belonged, to the studios of several American artists then in the "Eternal City." At once he extended his hand, in the manner of an old friend, with a congratulation to himself that much flattered his visitor.

Before us were the principal works in painting of his later life—"The Star of Bethlehem," "The Lost Pleiad," "The Portrait of the ex-Queen of Naples," "Undine before Kühleborn." He was at work upon his "Abou Ben Adhem," and hanging up in a conspicuous place was his masterpiece, "Sheridan's Ride."

"What do you think of that for a horse?" said he to me, complacently regarding his work.

"For a horse?" said I, in a tone that might have been somewhat dubious, for I recognized a slight change in the expression of his countenance. "I think you have brought that horse up in remarkably fine order after that wonderful ride."

"Keep that to yourself," he said, in an undertone, and with a slight smile. "No one but a rebel could see what you see. Keep it to yourself, I beg you."

And truly the story, brilliant as it may be, is exaggerated in the picture. The steed, "as black as night," with the valorous rider, is represented as just coming into the Federal camp at Winchester; the dust rolling up in clouds around him, and the white froth flying from his thin, pink, quivering, distended nostrils; while, hat in hand, and the glow of inspiration upon his face, the rider, slightly lifting himself from the saddle, acknowledges the cheers by which he is greeted by the doubtful and discomfited men of his army. One would naturally think the horse, after such a ride, must have shown some symptoms of weariness, and that all the force and vigor of the incident must have belonged to the rider. Would such a representation, and especially after Mr. Read's poem descrip-

tire of the ride and glorifying the rider, be satisfying to the public, who, through the verses, have been taught to regard General Phil Sheridan as another Boanerges, if not a Castor or a Pollux?

And framed and hung upon the wall of his studio was also the original version of the poem which furnished the study for his picture. Buchanan Read was not, indeed, a vain man, as has been said by some, but he liked well-timed applause, and accepted compliments with no boastful modesty, but as his due. At heart he was generous and noble, recognizing bravery, generosity, and nobility, in others, and unwilling to wound or harm by word or deed; and after more than one visit from me to his studio, and my carefully reading the original version of his celebrated poem—more than once—upon one occasion at a dinner, he declared he "had never written a line that in dying he would wish to blot."

"Indeed!" cried I, in a tone more serious than mock resentment, and I quoted:

"On the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster,
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls."

"I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, earnestly, as I said, slowly, "How dare you charge me with being a traitor?" "After the very first publication of my poem I changed the word *traitor* to *foeman*, and thus you will find it rendered generally in the school-books into which it has been admitted." And thus have I found it rendered; though there are few, nevertheless, who, even after this declaration, would begin to regard Mr. Read's loyalty in the least questionable. Mr. Read thoroughly appreciated the assistance of his poem toward Sheridan's fame, if he did not, indeed, think that the hero of the poem was more indebted to this *coup de grace* of a poem for the most of the fame which attached to him. But that he was a genuine friend and an ardent admirer of General Sheridan, there was no doubt; yet did he not refuse a generous meed of praise to some in the *traitor* category, understood in his stirring poem, even to speaking with pride of his descent from rebel stock in Maryland, and other evidences to prove that he could recognize nobility and bravery in his political enemies.

Above my toilet mirror hangs a small oil-painting, fifteen inches broad by seven deep. Connoisseurs say it is a gem. And truly in drawing, coloring, and the poetry with which it is invested, it is a gem. It represents a view in Ischia, and with its companion, a view in Capri, was painted, at Mr. Read's request, by De Moontstant, an artist from Norfolk, Virginia, to illustrate the following stanza in the poet's "Drifting":

"Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder, bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her hundred gates
Beguiling to her bright estates."

These two pictures were brought up by Mr. Read one morning to one of those de-

lightful *Lenten petits déjeuners* to which allusion has been made, and "Capri" presented to our accomplished hostess, Mrs. H—, and "Ischia" to myself. And at this moment it is before me, looking down cheerfully, and bringing up in vivid portraiture the goodly company which surrounded that genial breakfast-board, over the graves of two of whom, our hostess and the sculptor, painter, and poet, the tall grass now waves.

But of that breakfast. It was at our Roman home, in the Palazzo Ristori, and in the small and unpretending dining-parlor in which the great *tragédienne* was in the habit of taking her meals when residing there. Of those present I now recall Mr. Randolph Rogers, and J. Henry Haseltine, American sculptors; Captain Young, of her Britannic Majesty's service, formerly painter; the young Duke Braschi, and several ladies, who must be nameless. As we proceeded from the grand *salon* of the palace to the breakfast-room, Mr. Read whispered to me:

"If you will ask for it between the courses, I will recite 'Drifting' for you;" and, taking the cue, and seemingly in an unpremeditated manner, I did.

"Drifting," which was recited with an expression and enthusiasm in the author that added much to its beauty, was followed by his "Singer," "Sheridan's Ride," "Watching," and a splendid tribute to the great American triumvirate—Clay, Calhoun, and Webster, the title of which is not now remembered, but beginning with this line—

"The great are falling from us, one by one;"

besides several striking poems by other authors.

The last time I saw Mr. Read was at the Astor House, in New York, a few days previous to his death. I had heard from a friend, who was a passenger from Liverpool on the same ship, of his illness; and, calling to inquire of Mrs. Read of the condition of his health, by his request I was invited in to see him. Already had death placed its signet upon him; but yet he was hopeful, and spoke confidently of life for years to come in his cottage in the suburbs of Cincinnati. His thoughts were full of what he had done, and his mind of what he wished to do. He spoke of pictures that in imagination he had projected, and of poems he would write.

"I have made a sketch of you," I said, in the course of the interview.

He smiled feebly.

"And what did you say of me?"

"I said you had four specialties, viz., poetry, painting, sculpture, and the compounding of terrapin-stew."

"Let it stand!" cried he—"let it stand just so. I made terrapin-stew for Mr. Longfellow when he was in Rome, and I made terrapin-stew for you—did I not?"

He had not made a terrapin-stew for me, but promised one when I should be a guest in his Cincinnati cottage, some time.

With a glinting of the enthusiasm, which in some moods characterized him, as I sat by his bedside, "The best of my poems," he said, "I am inclined to think, you have never seen. It is entitled 'The Golden Now.'—Get it, will you, Hattie?" turning to Mrs.

Read, who produced from her portfolio the printed slip of a poem written in the same measure as his "Watching"—a poem pronounced by a critic in the *Westminster Review* to be the finest ever written by an American author. The slip he gave me, after a futile attempt to read it himself; and I left, promising in a few days to see him again. But it was not so to be; and now, as my eyes run over the smooth and beautiful lines of which the opportunity and the improvement of the moment are the theme, and in which man is represented as holding within himself his own destiny for good or evil, I cannot help thinking, though his life was a busy and far from being a profitless one, there must have been many times when Buchanan Read was forced to weep—

" . . . o'er hours

That flew more idly by than summer wind."

In three days from that time he died, leaving friends who delight more in rehearsing his virtues than his failings, which leaned "to virtue's side."

Of all his accomplishments, his poetry came, perhaps, nearest excellence. His efforts at sculpture were mainly in early life, and given up as a pursuit for painting; and in painting he was too much of a poet to give such attention to details as characterizes the work of all the most celebrated in the profession. His pictures, indeed, were poems transferred to canvas. He liked light, intangible effects, the painting of angels emitting phosphorescent rays, and shadowy, indefinite figures, which told a story of worlds more sinless than our own. He delighted in investing his female portraits in gauzy, diaphanous drapery, and looping it with soft, translucent pearls—"making us look," as said a lady, "as we shall look when we get to heaven."

Some of his pictures betrayed careful study of the old masters. This was especially noticeable in his "Lost Pleiad," the drawing of the figures in which could not fail to suggest to the beholder the celebrated "Iris" of the Gallery of St. Luke, while the drapery, ethereal and clinging, and the mystical twilight shadow that enveloped the creation were essentially of himself, or rather of his style, poetical and intangible. His "Sheridan's Ride" was a singular departure from this style, and the spirit which pervaded it; and, though the horse has been pronounced by connoisseurs an exaggeration, he considered the painting, as it assuredly was, his *chef-d'œuvre*. Of his portraits, of which he painted many, that of the ex-Queen of Naples was his pet and pride. It is a full-length figure, clad in white gauze, with a profusion of gauze about the shoulders and arms, and strings of pearls around the neck, and looping up heavy masses of dark hair. It only needed wings to be the picture of an angel, if gauze is the fabric in which angels dress.

And now I open a portfolio of photographs, all of statuary, and the most of them the work of modern artists; and, as one by one I pass them through my hands, I am carried back in memory to climbing the steep triple flights of steps of the Trinità di Monti, and a large, commodious studio on the Via Gistina, in Rome: upon a site which might

have been one of the terraces of the Pincian Hill—overlooking in the distance the Capitoline, the Palatine, Monte Cavallo, the Janiculum, and the Piazza and Cathedral of St. Peter. This studio was richly impregnated with the aroma of art, having been for many years occupied by one and another who worshiped at the shrine. But the genius which then presided would scarcely have been singled out in a crowd as one about whose brow in infancy the lambent flame of fortune, glory, and greatness, had played. He was a man of medium size, thin and angular, with a pale, fair complexion, light-brown hair and beard, clearly cut but by no means distinctive nose and mouth, a forehead neither very high, very broad, nor massive, but a pair of kindly, thoughtful blue eyes, which redeemed his face from absolute plainness. Such was William B. Rinehart, whom one in passing would simply pronounce an indifferent-looking man, but who was acknowledged in Rome to be a diligent student, and the most successful revivalist living of the old Greek school of sculpture. Of all the artists that it was my happy fortune to meet in the Eternal City (and I can count them by dozens), I do but simple justice to the memory of Rinehart by saying there was about him the least of a merchant, the least assumption of originality or extraordinary attainment in his profession, and the most modesty of any I met; while not one of his brother artists spoke ill of him, and none seemed to envy him. He pursued the even tenor of his way, without interfering with or obtruding upon others—an artist and a gentleman—one of Nature's moulding, without fear and without reproach. Among his works, of which he did me the honor of sending photographs before I left Rome, I find "The Woman of Samaria," "Leander," "Hero," "Clytie," and a pair of reclining twin babes intended for a tomb. In all of these there is no mistaking the Greek feeling, the conscientious adherence to the strict rules of art which developed a Phidias and a Praxiteles. "The Woman of Samaria," of life-size, and perhaps heroic, is one of the noblest figures of modern creation in marble. It is represented at the moment when, after meeting the Saviour at the well, she declares, "He told me all the things that ever I did"—her water-pot poised gracefully on her right hip, her left hand holding up the many folds of her loose robe, and a glad, pleased, surprised, and incomprehending expression upon her countenance. Her face is that of a Jewess, but idealized to the most extreme beauty ever seen in the daughters of Israel.

His "Leander" is nude, bold, brawny, muscular, the limbs strong and supple, as if altogether able to cleave the waves of the Hellespont, and the face of the purest Greek type. His "Hero" is the anxious, timid Greek maiden, standing upon the sea-shore, with a lighted lamp in hand, looking out over the dark waters—the wind ruffling in many graceful and easy curves the loose, light folds of her drapery. These two companion pieces seem rather as if they might naturally have sprung out of the marble than have been manipulated by human hands, so perfectly do they agree the one with the other. His

"Clytie," though essentially Greek, is a departure from the "Clytie" we all know, in which the head and shoulders of the daughter of Oceanus are represented as rising out of the sunflower—the broad petals of the yellow blossom curving off from her beautiful bust. Rinehart's "Clytie" is a nude, full-length, standing figure, holding in her right hand a fully-expanded sunflower, upon which she gazes with bent head—her eyes fastened upon it with an earnestness which might have sent her soul through them, and vitalized the blossom into which she was turned when despised by Apollo. She pined away, and was transformed by the more merciful gods. This Rinehart regarded as his *chef-d'œuvre*. For its perfection no less than twelve models were employed, and those selected from the most celebrated for face and figure then in Rome—one furnishing one, and another another portion of the body or some superior grace, that tended to the creation of beauty which had birth in the artist's soul.

Rinehart lived and died a poor man. He never aspired to riches, but he had longings for appreciation that were ill-gratified; because, perhaps, his modesty was too great, and the dignity of a true artist is inwrought with too much delicacy to allow him to thrust forward his claims to notice, to the gaping crowds. He was a Baltimorean by birth, and with an intense admiration for the character of Stonewall Jackson, the artist ardently wished for an order for an equestrian statue of the great Southern soldier.

"But would it suit you?" said I. "He was the most quiet of men; and history records quite as little action of the proverbial 'old sorrel horse,' as the rider."

"I could make it suit me!" he replied, with enthusiasm.

"Then you would be compelled to expend much idealization upon it, and thus the work would lose likeness to the originals."

"That could be managed," he said, laughingly, "and yet no one would fail to recognize the rebel hero, or his characteristic war-horse."

It seems, indeed, a pity, when his expressed wishes were so few, that he could not have had this commission; and yet, when his fame as a sculptor is regarded, those who most sincerely admired and valued his genius, may be glad they were never gratified. We can very well understand his success in classic studies, but cannot forbear a feeling of excessive doubtfulness when we think of him as manipulating Stonewall Jackson, and his equally unimpressible war-steed. Within the last few months Rinehart, too, has passed away, leaving the remembrance of his exalted genius, his skill in his profession, and his many virtues, to gather in a halo of brightness over a name and a fame comparatively unknown.

Now I open the lids of a "Hand-book of Central Italy," and between the leaves I find two pressed sprays of small yellow roses, and a spray of a diminutive red rose, called here "the picayune." And, seeing these, there recurs to memory the brightest of bright May mornings in Florence, a seat in a rickety, hired carriage, a drive at a furious pace

across the Ponte Vecchio, around the Boboli Gardens, and under the shadows of the Pitti Palace, out to a suburban settlement on the western side of the Arno, which, from the order of its architecture, the light drab, salmon and cream color of the cottages, and the neat gardens about, under a sky less clearly, deeply blue, and in air less soft and balmy, might have been taken for the suburb of some thriving New England village. We halted in front of a modern gate, alighted, and, passing through a small and flourishing garden, entered the open door of a wooden building, painted a pale salmon color, and found ourselves within a finely-lighted, commodious suite of rooms, used as a sculptor's studio. Around us were evidences innumerable of his craft. And full soon the sculptor entered—a man, seen once, to be forever afterward remembered: past middle life, tall, loose-jointed, but not ungainly in *physique*, with a dark complexion, tending to floridness, long, iron-gray hair and beard, massive but drooping features, and large, grayish-brown eyes, that spoke volumes of kindness and poetry, yet energy and determination. And we were in the presence of Hiram Powers, world-known and world-famed! I know not why it should have been, but his presence was overpowering, and it required some moments of listening to his voluble and instructive conversation for me to regain sufficient self-possession to join in a talk that interested me beyond measure. Nor in this do I think I should have succeeded at all, had he not produced the little hand in marble, of which Hawthorne speaks in his travel-notes—the hand of one of his children when an infant—the great artist's peculiar pet work—the hand which Hawthorne thinks should be copied again at sixty years of age, when it shall have performed the greater part of life's duties allotted it, and the bones and sinews and veins shall have each made for them a character. The display of this little, beautiful thing in marble had in it so much that was human, so much that was simple, so much that was akin to mortals less highly gifted, that I soon found my tongue unloosed, my dumbness leave me, and, ere long, with a confidence which now surprises me, I was exchanging opinions with him in regard to his "Proserpine;" his matchlessly beautiful "Greek Slave;" his dignified, womanly "Eve;" this, that, and the other around us, as compared with the ancient "Venuses" and other celebrated pieces of Greek statuary; and, besides, his process for modeling plaster, which obviates the necessity of taking a clay model of the subject.

Of one thing I was almost immediately convinced, and that was that Mr. Powers was an admirable talker—communicative and instructive—the talk embellished with flashes of thought and quaint expressions, which could have emanated from no mind but one instinct with genius, and one that delighted in the true and the beautiful. I wish I could remember all he said; all the nice points brought forward, all the nice distinctions made.

The day before we had visited the Uffizi Gallery, and this being discovered, it gave him opportunity for a short disquisition on

the "Venus de Medici," the good and the bad points in the statue, according to his opinion—the perfectness of the figure, the misplacement of the ears, and other departures from correctness, undiscovered by any save a practised artist. From what Mr. Hawthorne and others say of him, this must have been a favorite subject of conversation with Mr. Powers. And who, better than he, could venture to criticise any school, or any single work of art?

He has been represented as ungenerous to other artists, and hypocritical, when a chance was given him to render an estimate. But this, from my own short acquaintance, I am much inclined to doubt; and equally as much inclined to accept his opinion of another artist and his works, as founded on merit. In the course of the conversation, I well remember, the name of Rinehart came up.

"He seems to me to be a very conscientious sculptor," I ventured timidly to say.

"Yes," he replied, quickly, and with much earnestness, "the most conscientious sculptor living. Not one has so high an appreciation of sculpture as an art, and not one gives so exclusive study to the highest schools and the most rigid rules of the art."

Of his own works, aside from the baby-hand, I found it impossible to decide upon the artist's favoritism. From his "Eve" he went to his "Greek Slave;" from this, to his "Il Penseroso;" and then to his "Proserpine," his "Fisher-Boy," his "California;" and from bust to bust, turning each on its pedestal, drawing distinctions and descanting briefly upon all, in a cluster of gems of thought, each radiant with that of himself, which contributed so decidedly to his wonderful magnetism, and yet made him feared and respected more than loved and confided in.

We were more than loath to leave his presence and the attractions gathered around him; but etiquette prompted, even when we turned to go out of the studio, that the length of our stay might have been a trespass on his time and good-nature, though he deprecated our haste, and seemed inclined to say much more. In his sculptor's coat and cap he followed us out to the carriage, as he passed along, breaking from a climbing yellow rose, which overhung one of the front windows of his studio, the two sprays now before me; and, from a low hedge on a flower-border, the little red one. Their perfume is gone, but their colors are still bright, serving most marvelously to freshen and vivify memory's wholly ineradicable picture, of that bright May morning in Florence, the gurgle and ripple of the Arno, to whose murmur the Casa Guido windows were opened, adding to the natural inspiration of the resident the drive across the Ponte Vecchio and its consequences.

Yes; here before me are my little, simple souvenirs—my paper-weight, my picture, my photographs, and my pressed roses—while they who gave them me now lie low in the dust, with the winds whispering above, of their aims, their efforts, and their accomplishments. T. Buchanan Read was the first to go; then, Hiram Powers; and last — Rinehart. Peace to their ashes!

SALLIE A. BROCK.

FAIRY FINGERS:

A FEW NOTES FOR MY FRIENDS THE PAINTERS.*

WHEN Mr. Tennyson, in his ever fresh and wonderful "In Memoriam," describes a sunset cloud—

"That rises upward always higher
And onward drags a laboring breast,
And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire"—

it is plain that the writer is painting an actual cloud which he saw—that he really had gazed at this piled-up, looming mass against the red sunset which bursts forth only at the ragged edges, "fringing" them with flaming crimson. It is the happy privilege of poets to take note of these grand or exquisitely delicate effects of the fairy fingers of light, to store them in memory, and to reproduce them in verse as the painter sees and reproduces them on canvas. I am neither a poet nor a painter, and can reproduce what I have seen in neither fashion; but I can describe in plainer prose, and I think I have witnessed in my life some wondrous "effects." I shall make the attempt to note down a few of these beautiful memories. A reader here or there with a taste for such things may possibly find my notes interesting.

This is my first memory. Nearly thirty years ago I was in the Capitol at Washington, in what month of the year I cannot now recall, but I know that the day was overclouded, and the general aspect of the great Rotunda gloomy. A dull light only filtrated through the glass above, in which the large, "historical" pictures upon the walls were only half visible. Pocahontas was only a blurred figure, and the combatants at Monmouth fought in a sort of cloud. There was no one in the Rotunda, all was singularly quiet, and I rambled around in an idle way, thinking, and scarcely looking at any object, when all at once the space was lit up, as it were, by a sudden golden blaze; a long, brilliant stream of light fell from a rift in the lowering clouds, and this sudden glory rested on a single spot in a single picture—the golden head of sweet Rose Standish in "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers." I shall never forget the delight I experienced—the tender sweetness of the poetical head of the young girl. All the rest of the picture was in gloom, and rendered even gloomier by the partial illumination. Stern Puritans and fighting-men, lights and shadows of the painting alike, all were dark, and but one thing was visible—the girl's golden hair in the golden ray.

My next memory takes me to the city of New York and old Trinity Church. I had gone thither to attend worship one Sunday in the autumn of 1867. The large building was filled, the clergyman had preached his sermon, the sweet young choristers had charmed me with their touching voices, and the mo-

* As the reader may imagine that this article was suggested by the one in the last number of the JOURNAL, entitled "Seven Brilliant Sunsets," we think it only justice to Mr. Cooke to say that his MS. was sent to us before that article appeared.

—ED. JOURNAL.

ment had arrived when the sacrament of the holy communion was to be administered. As on that day at Washington, the sky had been overcast. A dim religious light only filled the church; all was hushed, and the clergyman approached that part of the chancel where the vessels were arranged on the altar for the communion. As he did so, the stained window on the southern side of the chancel suddenly blazed, and a dazzling flood of light fell upon the burnished silver, turning the vessels to gold. And there the light continued to rest, as though to give all who looked an opportunity to enjoy the spectacle. Did all appreciate the solemn beauty of it? I know not. A few did, I am certain. As I was coming out of the church I passed two men, apparently foreigners.

"Did you see?" said one, in a low voice.

"You mean—"

"Yes, that effect of light on the altar and the vessels."

"Yes; wonderful!—wonderful!"

Let us leave cities now, and come to a much more tranquil locality—an old country-house sleeping in the midst of green fields and oak-forests, in the neighborhood of the Blue Ridge Mountains, in Virginia. This country-house has a long portico in front—a convenient old haunt in summer evenings, where you may lounge in an easy-chair, or walk to and fro, passing the tranquil hour of twilight in that wise and profitable idleness which freshens all the faculties; and in front is a green circle with a square white trellis in the middle holding up a tall "Kentucky rose," and a white-and-salmon honeysuckle, which I am informed is very rare. I only know that it is very attractive seen from the upper windows on dewy mornings against the fresh greensward, and that the mingled bloom of rose and honeysuckle form a great bouquet, with which the most exacting might be pleased. Around the circle are some cedar-trees, growing, after their habit, in the shape of cones; and near them rises a weather-worn pole, like the mast of a ship—once surmounted by a weather-cock—which the Bishop of New York set up nearly half a century ago. To end my catalogue of objects in this quiet haunt, you may see, across fields and woods toward the east, the Blue Ridge, clothed with forest; in the west the North Mountain sleeps like a long, blue wave on the horizon, and toward the south the Massanutton, with its tall headland above Strasburg, and its peaks called "The Three Sisters," rises suddenly from the level valley, a deeper blue against the blue of the sky.

I have often witnessed in this tranquil country landscape very beautiful effects of light and shade, for the sinking sun throws the shadow of the western Massanutton headland on the Three Sisters, and heightens their attractions. Sometimes a tall pine-tree on the mountain wears the evening-star upon its summit as a monarch wears a jeweled crown; and I once observed the red disk of the setting sun just poised on the summit of the range with a long, snow-white cloud sweeping upward from it like a swan's feather, the whole resembling to the eye of fancy a blue cap with a snowy plume, secured by some blazing carbuncle.

But I proceed to speak of some other effects of the fairy fingers of light which impressed me at the time as very wonderful and beautiful. The first that I shall mention is the appearance presented one evening by the Blue Ridge Mountains. I was rambling late in the afternoon, just as the sun was sinking, and had been indulging that mood of idle reverie which takes the attention away from one's actual surroundings, when suddenly I was aware that some great change had taken place in the landscape. I looked up and beheld a superb spectacle. The sun was almost resting on the summit of the western woods, and, abruptly bursting from between two long, parallel masses of cloud as black as ebony, flooded the whole world with angry crimson. I had often observed, however, this peculiar effect, and greatly admired the red flush on stone-walls or tree-trunks. What especially impressed me now was the wonderful appearance of the Blue Ridge. I can only describe it by saying that it resembled a mass of red-hot coals of fire fanned to the utmost extent of combustion, short of white heat, by some great wind. The swelling summits, the masses of forest, the clearings here and there with their minute white farm-houses, the gap, like a gash in the range, and one great tree which stands at the point of intersection of the boundaries of three counties—all, of so tender a blue ordinarily, was now one mass of flaming, or rather glowing, fire. The effect was dazzling. The very sky seemed to reflect the intense light and heat. Imagine, if you can, a whole mountain-range on fire and at a red heat; you may then form some faint idea of this wonderful spectacle which dazzled me then, and will remain in my memory as long as I live. It lasted for only a quarter of an hour at farthest. Then the crimson gradually faded; a light red succeeded; then a dim, misty orange followed; then the sun sank behind the mountains; and the landscape, donning its veil, entered on the night—that is, upon nothingness.

Let me contrast my summer landscape now with a winter one. I have mentioned the old cedars ranged around the circle in front of the house. They are not the common cedars of the region of the Shenandoah, but made no pretension to the elegant proportions and rich pensile boughs, with delicately-rounded extremities, of the balsam-evergreens of the banks of the Hudson and the St. Lawrence, where you may see and admire a hundred beautiful varieties. Still they please the eye; birds sing in them, and the thickly-fringed boughs afford in winter a resting-place for the snow-flakes. It was these—the snow-flakes—and a rich moonlight added, which made the winter "effect" I aim now to notice. The winter had been remarkably free from snow, and I had retired one night, leaving the outer world bare, bleak, dark—such a landscape as you do not care to look at a second time—and strive to shut out with curtains, a cheerful blaze, the glimmer of shaded lamps, and the last magazine. Toward daylight something woke me, and I saw a vague light through the window, and went to it. The whole face of the world had changed. A sudden snow-storm had descended on mountain and valley—had ceased

after falling, I suppose, for many hours—and from the heights of heaven, now unobscured by a single cloud, poured a flood of solemn moonlight on the white fields, and especially upon the old cedars. The effect was most impressive. The lower boughs of the trees are about six feet from the ground; on this night their extremities nearly rested on the earth, or rather the white shroud covering the circle. Every bough from base to summit was borne down by the dense white drifts, nearly disappearing, and only permitting you to trace the outlines by an almost imperceptible edging of green. In the ghostly moonlight the appearance of the trees was weird and strange. They resembled, as they stood in semicircle around the white trellis in the centre, a solemn group of white-haired monarchs, or hoary Druids motionless around their altar. This will, no doubt, seem fanciful in the extreme; but the comparison instantly occurred.

A last effect of light, which I witnessed some time since, will now be mentioned, one of the most delicate, beautiful, and evanescent scenes that it has ever been my fortune to behold. Walking out in the evening—it was an evening of spring—I looked at the somewhat subdued tints of the woods and fields, and reflected upon the high coloring and very great prominence given by some writers of fiction—say the excellent and kindly G. P. R. James—to descriptions of landscapes. The conclusion arrived at, I believe, was that these descriptions were somewhat "overdone"—that Nature, after all, was not so brilliant a landscape-artist as the novelists and the painters insisted upon making her. I had just reached this conclusion when I turned and gazed idly, as though to fortify myself in my theory, toward the North Mountain in the west, where the sun was sinking. Never have I seen a spectacle of more tranquil, delicate, and exquisite beauty. I have tried to describe the angry and flaming Blue Ridge, from which you might have fancied you heard, borne on the wind, the roar of a great conflagration. But how shall I paint the delicious blending of every delicate tint in my dreamy sunset seen on this evening? The airs were perfectly still, and not a leaf or a twig on the trees was stirring. The day seemed dying silently, without a murmur even; it was the hour of dreams, and the west was a suitable accompaniment for such a mood.

Let me try to describe the scene and the tints, as I looked at them with close attention. The picture was divided, as it were, into five distinct strata, and I begin at the lowest, proceeding upward: The lowest was a large field, in which the first blades of the spring grass were peeping up, an almost imperceptible green, but still perceptible as the light fell athwart the expanse revealing the tint. Beyond this, the eye swept on to the "Great North Mountain," and here began the fine picture. The long range was of the deepest and most vivid purple—red tinted with blue, but the blue in excess. I can say with truth that I have never seen in any painted picture, however brilliant its coloring, any thing to equal the rich splendor of this purple—nor any thing so exquisitely delicate as the next of the strata above. This was apparently a

great lake or arm of the sea, with shores and promontories, and what resembled a distant light-house or old tower—the whole drawn by the capricious hand of Nature, in the most perfect perspective. What particularly struck me was the tint of this lake, which you might have fancied Lake Como or Maggiore. It was of an exquisite light-green—that peculiar shade which you may see on the young leaf of the grape just bursting from its sheath, around the incipient bunch, and perhaps in the first buds of the ash. As I gazed at this dreamy lake, with its far, misty headlands and towers, I said: "Here, at least, is something which no painter will ever reproduce." Ending all, at the summit of these wondrous strata of the March sunset, was a canopy of the deepest blue—not the tender blue of spring, but the rich and mature tint of August, seen behind piled-up masses of snowy clouds, wafted by the wind.

As in the case of my other sunset view, this one lasted only for a few moments. The rich purple of the mountain faded; the shores of the lake broke up and disappeared in mist; the evanescent green vanished; and the blue above gradually mingled with the twilight; the sun was gone, and my landscape was gone with it—to reappear somewhere at some time, perhaps, in the next thousand or hundred thousand years!

I envy sometimes the faculty of the painter, and wish I had it in my power to imprison these flitting glories of Nature, while she endows the world with her prodigal and capricious moods—withdrawing them almost before the eye takes in fully their strange beauty. The brush can alone convey an idea of them. Only a great painter could reproduce that wonderful Blue Ridge, made of fire and blood—the solemn, snow-laden cedars in the winter night—and my beautiful Lake Como sleeping in calm beauty on the purple summit of the North Mountain.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

WHO WAS THE FIRST FAUST?

THE colossal German myth of the sixteenth century is well remembered, both in its primal prose form and in the great poem of Goethe, because of its central truth, the conflict of humanity therein represented. It is this eternal conflict which vitalizes and perpetuates the myth and the poem, and I may say the kindred myths found in many literatures of the globe both in ancient and in modern time.

In 1587, at Frankfort-on-the-Main, appeared in printed form the first Faust-myth, and so early as that there was a clear and full expression of the dissatisfactions of humanity rebelling against the natural limitations of human existence. The discontent which pervades all human life in every age is represented in Faust, but not on the plane of the humility which accepts of the inevitable as being the best for each and all; the *Unzufriedenheit* of the German Faust-myth is the basis of an ideal ambition, which, through alliance with supernatural powers of

evil, would tear down the walls of natural limitation, and grasp knowledge, honors, and enjoyment, far beyond those degrees embraced by human experience. In the keen conflict Faust experienced between the ideal and the actual, the emphasis is chiefly laid on *knowledge*—knowledge all-comprehending, before whose potency all mysteries of Nature in the heavens, the earth, and under the earth, should flee away. It was a struggle for knowledge on the plane of a god, a sally for the conquest of omniscience, a rebellious impatience with the ignorance that remains in the human mind *after all* the sciences have been diligently and thoroughly learned. Mephistopheles, not an emperor like Satan, but a cunning devil of subordinate rank—really an incarnate sneer—offers Faust this supernatural knowledge on certain conditions. The thing sought is deemed the greatest good; the method of seeking it stood confessedly evil from the fact that diabolical agency only could secure for him that possession. The word Faust in the German tongue signifies *fast*, the symbol of combat, and that emblem is a true token of the central meaning of the myth and poem, provided we are careful to remember that the combat is not confined to the physical plane, but is an invisible fight between the strivings of the higher nature and the limitations and humiliations of the actual existence of man. It contains the problem to which every individual and generation of the race is born, the real riddle of the sphinx who devours those who do not answer it aright, the problem which is always waiting to be solved, and which few seem to solve wisely and well.

The Teutonic race had nothing greater in its early literature than the Faust-myth; and that it belonged to a stratum in the mental geology of Europe, is clear from the fact that about the same time similar weird legends appeared in other nations, that of Don Juan in Spain, that of Twardowsky in Poland, that of Merlin in England, and of Robert le Diable in Normandy.

Though the logic of such myths is in all ages substantially the same, the ascending scale seems to control their formation till the summit is reached in the German Faust, in whom the age of occult science, or of miracles of magic, forever expired. Faust is the last of his race. The problem is always new and fresh; he and his solution belong to the world's mythical souvenirs.

The Greeks, the most creatively æsthetic and gifted nation the world ever saw, doubtless had different ways for putting forward the subject of this conflict. Among the fables, that of Pythonous seems to hold the preference in this line of thought. His prayer to the goddess Aurora to be made immortal here on earth came from the same Faustian abyss of discontent and rebelling ambition in human nature as did the later legends. Pythonous had the attractions of personal beauty by which he had evoked the love of Aurora. Love in her could but grant the unreasonable prayer of exemption from death, which forced on Pythonous a new antagonism, wholly unknown to his natural experience, namely, the conflict between the infirmities which age brought upon him and

his inability to get rid of his body. In praying for immortality, he had forgotten to pray for perpetual youth. So age came with increasing infirmities, and yet no release could be found in death, that gate being forever closed against him. This conflict eclipsed that which is common to all men in all times. Pythonous, life growing more tiresome, presents a new prayer to Aurora. He now prays for death. The goddess informs him that it is contrary to the law of celestial life that gods should recall the gifts they bestow. He now sees that he cannot undo his past folly and regain the condition he enjoyed. But, in his sadness, Aurora sent the only possible relief by transmuting him into a *cicada*,* and permitting him as grasshopper to sing in the grass the song common to that race. Pythonous was the Greek Faust in a somewhat simpler form.

But has it occurred to us that the oldest, and I will say the grandest, Faust representation the world has read of is met with in the Garden of Eden, and that in the personal life of a woman? Such is the fact, and the same problem of which I have spoken is there present in all its magnitude, and in touching simplicity, in the story of Eve, the first woman, and the first Faust. Read the story under that view.

It is immaterial to this survey whether we agree with Origen in regarding the story of the fall as an instructive allegory, or look upon it as a literal history of what occurred at the beginning of the primitive pair. The lesson is the same, though on a larger scale, if we admit with Swedenborg that Adam, like Israel, is a collective name for many, for the human race at that time. Under this latter view, Eve, representing the womanly half of mankind, reminds us of a period when the passion for *knowledge* became intense and all-commanding in the feminine part of the world, woman being the first aspirant for the supernatural fullness of intelligence, a wisdom on the plane of the "gods," making its possessor the peer of the Deity.

In the story of the primal Eden, the subtle serpent plays the part of prime persuader in securing an introduction to the source of knowledge. The reputation of this animal for wisdom among Oriental nations may account for this. Among the Hebrews, so late as the day of Christ, the symbolization of wisdom by the serpent stood confessed in the proverb, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

But, following the common belief that the serpent is only a metaphorical naming of the devil, the universal tempter, I will ask, What *motive* does he present to the woman in persuading her to violate the divine restriction? Does he promise her a future palace? or large stores of luxurious wealth? or elegant wardrobe? None of these things. Such motives had not prevailed. What was it? The serpent offered the same that Mephistopheles did, namely, a Godlike compass of *knowledge*. The cup was offered to the lips of a *mental* thirst. The quick thoughts of woman soon said, in substance: "Knowledge is beautiful and nutritious, and, if I may endow my mind

with the highest attributes of wisdom, the wisdom denied to mortals hitherto, I will run the risk of the consequences of disobeying God by going counter to his one restriction, and I will venture all upon the one object of being able to see and to know with the eyes of a god." It was, indeed, a grand motive, but, in method, a rebellion against the natural limitation. The antagonism of life was thereby freshly opened, and the endless warfare between the ideal and the actual begun. Her sorrows and man's sorrows became augmented. Though the earth should yield the nutritious herb, and bread to the sweating toiler, yet the eyes of humanity opened anew to the manifold antagonism which Nature everywhere presented. The wide world now became their garden, and necessity their teacher.

If woman relatively represents love, while man relatively represents wisdom, her earlier surrender to the temptation would imply that the primary appeals of temptation are to this element of being; and that, through the false leadings of love, the intellect also is drawn into the false way. So long as the reigning love is unsexed, the Eden remains unspoiled. As fruit may be gathered too early for health, so there is knowledge, good in itself, which may be prematurely acquired. The devil's method of knowledge does not end happily, but always ends in the loss of the Eden and in worse conditions. In the story, God's method of getting to the fruit of the tree of knowledge is not disclosed. Obeying awhile longer would have won it and prevented so much unhappiness. The first Faust, then, is found in the primitive garden, and in the person of the first woman.

Christianity is the highest solution of the conflict between good and evil, and gives the spirit and method of harmonizing the elements of human nature in a good life, in which humility and aspiration are duly united.

REV. E. G. HOLLAND.

THE THREE AMERICAN PEERESSES.

IN this centennial period, the links which connect the last century of American freedom with the present century of American progress are few, and are gradually loosening and dropping apart.

Time's effacing fingers will soon obliterate the general memory of a group of brilliant Baltimore beauties, the most celebrated by far in that city, renowned for its beautiful women. They come from the stirring times of the eighteenth century into our own day, for one died high in honor in England only last year; and one, with indomitable will and vitality, still lives—Madame Bonaparte, wife of Jerome, King of Westphalia, whose name and romantic career will come only incidentally into this sketch. Of three of the companions of her youth, the story is almost as remarkable as that of "Betsey" Patterson.

In the year 1874, there was admitted to probate, in the Orphans' Court of Baltimore, the will of "the most noble Louisa Catherine,

* Grasshopper.

† Genesis III. 22.

Duchess-Dowager of Leeds, widow and relict of the most noble Francis Godolphin D'Arcy Osborne, seventh Duke of Leeds, of Hornby Castle, in the county of York, England.

The Duchess of Leeds, the "most noble Catherine," as if she had stepped out of one of Shakespeare's plays, was the survivor of three sisters, daughters of Richard Caton, and his wife, Mary Carroll, and granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, "the signer." She left extensive estates in Maryland and Virginia, principally to religious uses. In Alleghany County, Maryland, alone lie some fifteen thousand acres, known—and this is one chief reason for mentioning the fact—by such curious old patent-survey titles as "Anthracite Range," "Fat Pig," "Addition to Fat Pig," "Devil Take It," "Take All," "Last Shift," "Baron Devilbess," or, from some fancied resemblance to the objects, "Legs," "Gun," and other equally quaint designations.

We have said that the Duchess of Leeds was a granddaughter of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. The latter left two daughters, the eldest married to Richard Caton, of English birth, but a citizen of Baltimore; the youngest to Robert Goodloe Harper. From the latter, Mrs. Harper, the Bayards, of Delaware, inherit much of their talents. It was of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Sophia Bayard, that John Randolph of Roanoke wrote—the crabbed old man could pay a graceful compliment when he chose—"Washington is dull, *although Mrs. Bayard is here*"—flattery delicate enough from him, the subtle bouquet of old times.

Mr. and Mrs. Caton had four daughters, who would have been called "the Graces," but for being one too many.

Three of them are, however, known in England as the "Three American Peeresses."

They were respectively, Duchess of Leeds, Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford.

The eldest was Mary Caton, who married first Robert Patterson, the brother of Madame Bonaparte. The marriage ceremony was performed by Bishop Carroll, of the Catholic Church, in the chapel of Mr. Charles Carroll's private residence in Annapolis. It was the most brilliant wedding that had ever taken place in the State. With her husband, she went to England just previous to the Bonaparte-Patterson marriage, and we find Robert Patterson bothered beyond measure, while in Europe, with the affairs of his sister "Betsey," his slippery brother-in-law Jerome, and the angry first consul. He tried to pour oil on the troubled waters; but he might as well have trickled it out of a crater upon the Atlantic Ocean. The final catastrophe soon came—the separation; the second marriage of Jerome; the persistent refusal of recognition. Through all the trouble the records show that Robert Patterson, his wife, and his father, William Patterson, the Baltimore merchant-prince, acted very manly, frank, and honorable parts.

Mrs. Patterson had been joined abroad by her sisters, Elizabeth and Louisa Caton. They were in Paris when Wellington and the allies entered, and were conspicuous figures in the festivities which followed. They were favorites of the great duke himself, and it is said

that he found his Waterloo in the fair presence of Mrs. Robert Patterson, and that only the trifling impediment of a husband on her part, and a wife on his, prevented her becoming the head of Apsley House.

Her sister Louisa became the wife of the duke's aide-de-camp, Sir Felton Bathurst-Hervey, baronet. Upon his death, soon after—he committed suicide—she married the Marquis of Carmarthen, eldest son of the Duke of Leeds, who inherited his father's title, and lived an easy, rural, fox-hunting, country life, and left his widow, the Catherine Louisa who, as we have seen, died last year, an ample fortune, and the dower-house of Hornby Castle.

The second sister, Elizabeth Caton, also married well—that is, she married a nobleman, and he was rich—the eighth Lord Stafford, of the Jerminham family.

In the mean while Robert Patterson had died, and Mrs. Patterson, a lovely widow, had returned to England. Possibly her heart turned again to the old Paris days, and the time of the Army of Occupation. As in Paris she reigned, during that period, in social circles, so in London her triumphs were repeated, and she could soon boast of having been the social queen of three countries, England, France, and America, and of three cities, London, Paris, and Baltimore. Nor was this all. After her second marriage she conquered the turbulent Ireland, and the still more turbulent Dublin, for she became the wife of the Marquis of Wellesley, Viceroy of Ireland, previously Governor-General of India, and the brother of the Duke of Wellington, a diamond edition of a British nobleman, as Hazlitt calls him, so gifted, small, and graceful was he.

Thus we see the "three American peeresses" firmly fixed among the stars which revolve nearest the English throne. When we consider that only five American ladies have ever wedded the possessors of British coronets—the other two being Miss Magruder, of Washington, who married Baron Abinger, and Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, whose husband, Alexander Baring, was raised to the peerage in 1835 as Baron Ashburton—and that of these five three belonged to one family, the distinguished one in American history of Charles Carroll—the fact has an additional interest, which justifies a few reminiscences of an elder day and generation.

Many citizens of Baltimore remember, as visions of their youth, the beautiful Misses Caton. These gentlemen of the old school who still remain with us, and retain all the fine old courtesy and softness of manners which are too often a dumb sarcasm on those of our pert modern age, delight to talk of the time when the Carrolls, the Ridgleys, the Olivers, and the Gilmors, displayed the hospitality of merchant-princes, and when their wives and daughters acted all their lives the stately parts we revive now for the amusement of an evening.

They tell us that Elizabeth Caton, who became Lady Stafford, was tall and remarkably graceful, with eyes of dark gray, expressing quickly both feeling and intelligence. She was more highly cultivated in literature than her sisters, and her society was more

largely sought by men of letters, and the statesmen and thinkers of the time, than by the ordinary beaux of society, for her mental qualities were brilliant and attractive. At the time of her womanhood it was an important part of education to cultivate a talent for conversation. If a man of celebrity at a dinner-party or elsewhere began to speak on an interesting subject, it was the custom for all the guests to listen to him, and if replied to, as was often the case, the encounter became a spirited debate, or a sharp cut and thrust of wit. Ladies never entered the field at dinner; but at evening-parties their share in these contests was conceded them, and among those who carried off the palm of victory most often was Miss Elizabeth Caton. She was less admired in Europe, however, than her more showy sisters.

The third daughter, Louisa Caton, afterward Duchess of Leeds, was small of stature, but of a beautiful figure, light and agile in all her movements, her conversation gay and playful, but commonplace. She had, however, her own peculiar charms, although in manners she differed from her sisters. Her admirers were a different style of men; and she was what is known, by a delicate shade of distinction from more solid merits, as a great "belle."

It is upon the eldest sister, Mary Caton, first Mrs. Robert Patterson, and then Marchioness of Wellesley, that we find the most extravagant encomiums lavished. Old men grow young again in describing her fascinations. Said a gentleman, an intimate friend of the family, one who passed his younger days under the roof of Charles Carroll: "Mary Caton was the most attractive woman I ever beheld in my life. I have seen the courts of St. Petersburg, France, and England, but I never saw her equal—never! The grace and elegance of her form; the charm of her manners; the sweetness of her voice—were inimitable. She was the most engaging and fascinating of human beings. I have seen her at a dinner given by Mr. Carroll to Sir Charles Bagot, the loveliest and most brilliant lady of an intelligent and courtly company, stately, courteous, kindly; richly dressed, and in a blaze of diamonds—a picture for a court-painter."

Her bearing was as exquisite as her face, and her dignity never ruffled. This was one of her greatest charms—her courteous, graceful, even temperament. Were the obscurest commoner talking to her and a king waiting, she would have shown no impatience. Her companion would never have known by a shadow of change that he was not the most interesting of men to her. She was too proud and well bred to exhibit the slightest discourtesy; but she would have much preferred the king. For, after all, in all her nature she was a woman of the world, of fashion and of society—subdued, nevertheless, by the maxim impressed upon all these young girls by Mrs. Caton, who was not pretty, but very popular—a maxim extremely simple, but socially extremely comprehensive. It was this: "My dear child, there are a number of people in the world who take delight in saying disagreeable things. Now, it is

just as easy to say pleasant ones. Never tell an untruth; but never displease."

In personal appearance Miss Mary Caton was large and handsome. Her eyes were dark brown; her face oval, and rather sallow; her hair dark; her mouth, nose, and chin, beautifully formed; her voice soft and musical. Lord Brougham, who as a Scotchman was, we suppose, a judge in matters pertaining to a foreign tongue—we beg every Scotchman's pardon—and who certainly acquired a copious command of strong Saxon, once said that she spoke the English language more correctly than he had ever heard it from the lips of woman. She was, nevertheless, no blue-stocking, but possessed both sound judgment and a fine perception. She was an excellent talker, and, what probably fascinated Brougham, a still better listener. While at the head of the viceregal court at Dublin she united all parties, Protestant and Catholic, although a strict Catholic herself. Her charities were as free as her means would allow, and even to this day her memory is cherished by the poor of Dublin as that of a saint.

On the death of her husband, she lived in England in chambers granted her by the queen in the honorable retreat of Hampton Court.

All the sisters were devoted to their religion, the Catholic, but were no bigots. Their acquaintances comprised both Protestants and Catholics. They never forgot old friends. However fortune would turn the scale, whether to poverty or to riches, former associates, we are told, were never ignored.

The three sisters died childless; and the direct descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton came down by the line of the only son, Charles Carroll, of Homewood, near Baltimore, and by that of the Harpers and MacTavishes.

In Maryland, the "three American peeresses" have long been but shadowy presences in old mansions of Baltimore and Annapolis, and grateful memories in the hearts of the young gallants who met them at the balls and assemblies of long ago, and perhaps—who knows?—time buries the marks of so much besides beauty—cherished the passion of "the moth for the star, the day for the morrow," and who have grown gray, but never disloyal.

THE RENDERED ROSE.

INTO his hat she flung a rose,
Pledge of a friendship true and tried,
That storms and sunshine had seen disclose,
That tears and sorrow had purified.
Whether he threw it by that night,
In his worried mood of trouble and thought,
Or garnered its leaves with a fond delight
It matters little, its task was wrought!

Into her coffin he dropped a rose,
Faded and sore, and sweet no more.
"Go," he said, "at the evening's close,
The gift of the noonday I restore!
When at the judgment-bar we stand,
Face to face in that awful hour,
Once again from her constant hand
I shall receive thee—a peerless flower!"

C. A. WARFIELD.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WHY is it that artists are targets for everybody's arrows? What is there in painting and sculpture that prompts every half-schooled critic to utter his dogmas and pronounce his sweeping verdicts? Why is it that in art everybody who praises is at once declared an ignoramus, and everybody who sneers is promptly crowned and admired? How is it that in art-criticisms there are so much bold assertion, fierce depreciation, and utter ignorance?

Our interrogations have approached almost to the dimensions of a catechism. Perhaps some of our readers are wondering if the accusations implied by them are altogether just. We think they are. American art is amenable to many strictures, but no one has a right to praise or blame in art, or in any thing else for the matter of that, who has not some knowledge of the subject. The men who echo praise or blame, who admire because that cue has been given by some Mogul, or who condemn because condemnation is the thing on the cards, ought to be generally denounced. A man's reputation is dearer to him than his purse—but we punish the thief who robs him of the one, and applaud the reckless censor that despoils him of the other. But let us escape from these generalities to a few illustrations of what we mean. A recent art-criticism in a contemporary contains the following:

"We deplore the absence of thought in the mass of pictures shown at our Academy exhibitions, and we scold our 'artists' in the newspapers for not giving us something more substantial intellectually; but are we not a little unreasonable! How can the painters give us thought when they have none; not only have none, but don't know what it is. There is no mistake more common among painters and their public than to suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not. How few there are among the public or the painters who recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower; who know the analysis, the mental mastery, the intense, refined application, the brooding imagination, the realization of character, that bring about the living presentment of some graceful, sturdy, wayside growth!"

Perhaps there are comparatively few among the public who "recognize the thought that goes to the right portrayal of a simple flower," but where are the painters guilty of the mental confusions here charged upon them? The painters of to-day, the American painters as well as others, do not "suppose that thought in art means allegory, literature, or what not," but clearly understand that "mental mastery" in their art means the "right portrayal of a simple flower," or other object. This critic is wholly wrong. Our artists are far from being so incompetent as he asserts. We do not hesitate, indeed, to say that our painters—of course there are exceptions—are of all intellectual workers the

most thoroughly filled with a desire to be true to their tasks. We know very well that there are theatrical painters—painters who study the market and produce that which will make a sensation and command a price—and of course this sort of thing is never found among versifiers, story-writers, essayists, journalists, or editors; but the majority of our painters struggle with the most direct and honest purpose "to give the right portrayal of a simple flower," to catch the light upon cloud and sea and hill, to fill themselves with the truth and beauty of Nature in order that they may be reproduced upon the canvas. The paintings in our exhibitions are even dull to the ordinary visitor because their general tone is so honest and subdued. Very striking and effective are the passionate and weird and highly imaginative productions of the French pencil; our artists, indeed, may with some justice be accused of lacking in imagination; but their excellences are just of the character that arise from "intense refined application," from a proneness to do simple things with all honesty, from a love of the great beauties of Nature. There is nothing in this country that has so little sensationalism as our recognized art, nothing that is characterized by greater fidelity to right principles.

But another critic has this to say:

"The danger to all our young artists, of course, is that of being fascinated by unique individualities, and thus led away from Nature and themselves. To see things as the demi-god sees them, to represent them by his methods, to be led by him, magnetized by him, fooled by him who has the misfortune to see things exquisitely wrong, and the power to represent them outrageously beautiful, is to be artistically ruined. What Nature says to him, his admirers cannot hear, save through him. What he sees in Nature, they can never know, save by his interpretation. There is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art. What God and Nature say to the artist, that, precisely, he is to speak, and he ought to speak it in his own language. To choose another's words, to look at Nature from another's window, is a sad confession of artistic incapacity and untruthfulness. Schools of art are no more built up around a man than a house is built up around a window. Turner could never produce a school, although he might injure one very materially—possibly benefit it, in some respects. Pre-Raphaelite theories can never produce a school, although they may contribute ideas to one. What our young artists need is absolute disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art, and a determination to see things for themselves."

There is a great deal of truth in this; there is nothing but truth in it, save where its lessons are applied to American art. Our young artists scarcely need "disenthralment from the influence of strong individualities in art," because they rarely surrender to them. It is quite impossible for "strong individualities" not to exercise influence; it is only right they should do so, and they always have done so; but our young artists are as

profoundly impressed as their critics are with the necessity of being true to their own impressions, and not copyists of other artists' ideas of things. Has Durand, or Church, or Bierstadt, or Kensett, or Gifford, his followers and imitators? When a majority of the young artists of England were swept away by the pre-Raphaelite mania, ours stood firm; they studied the new school and derived valuable lessons from it, but they never servilely surrendered their judgment to it; they believed, in the language of our critic, that "there is no safety in following anybody, in any field of art."

We have not dwelt upon the power or the genius of our painters. That they have a great deal of both, we believe, but their talents are generally of a quiet kind. They are wholly weak in dramatic story—and this fact is probably to some people a deficiency in the only thing in art that interests them—but this is not the fault of the painters, whose subtle sympathies are for the strange charms and hidden beauties of Nature, and who would rather catch the spirit of a sylvan brook than paint a story of passion. Judging them within the limits of what they attempt to do, they stand very well beside the artists of other countries, while they have their own marked individuality.

WHILE on this topic we must be permitted to contrast with the criticisms quoted above a passage from an article on the last academy exhibition, by a writer who substitutes just insight for sweeping and erroneous assertion. We will give the reader the selection first, and let our comments follow:

"Of Mr. Homer's three pictures we have spoken, but there would be a good deal more to say about them; not, we mean, because they are particularly important in themselves, but because they are peculiarly typical. A frank, absolute, sincere expression of any tendency is always interesting, even when the tendency is not elevated or the individual not distinguished. Mr. Homer goes in, as the phrase is, for perfect realism, and cares not a jot for such fantastic hair-splitting as the distinction between beauty and ugliness. He is a genuine painter; that is, to see, and to reproduce what he sees, is his only care; to think, to imagine, to select, to refine, to compose, to drop into any of the intellectual tricks with which other people sometimes try to eke out the dull pictorial vision—all this Mr. Homer triumphantly avoids. He not only has no imagination, but he contrives to elevate this rather blighting negative into a blooming and honorable positive. He is almost barbarously simple, and, to our eye, he is horribly ugly; but there is nevertheless something one likes about him. What is it? For ourselves, it is not his subjects. We frankly confess that we detest his subjects—his barren plank fences, his glaring, bald, blue skies, his big, dreary, vacant lots of meadows, his freckled, straight-haired Yankee urchins, his flat-breasted maidens, suggestive of a dish of rural doughnuts and pie, his calico sun-bonnets, his flannel shirts, his cowhide boots. He has chosen the least pictorial features of the least pictorial range of

scenery and civilization; he has resolutely treated them as if they were pictorial, as if they were every bit as good as Capri or Tangiers; and, to reward his audacity, he has incontestably succeeded. It makes one feel the value of consistency; it is a proof that if you will only be doggedly literal, though you may often be displeasing, you will at least have a stamp of your own. Mr. Homer has the great merit, moreover, that he naturally sees every thing at one with its envelope of light and air. He sees not in lines, but in masses, in gross, broad masses. Things come already modeled to his eye. If his masses were only sometimes a trifle more broken, and his brush a good deal richer—if it had a good many more secrets and mysteries and coqueries, he would be, with his vigorous way of looking and seeing, even if fancy in the matter remained the same dead blank, an almost distinguished painter. In its suggestion of this blankness of fancy the picture of the young farmer flirting with the pie-nurtured maiden in the wheat-field is really an intellectual curiosity. The want of grace, of intellectual detail, of reflected light, could hardly go further; but the picture was its author's best contribution, and a very honest, and vivid, and manly piece of work. Our only complaint with it is that it is damnably ugly!"

This is very clear and very just. The writer confesses how much he dislikes the painter's subjects, but he nevertheless studies and endeavors to comprehend his methods; and hence, however much the admirers of Mr. Winslow Homer may differ from the critic, they can but acknowledge the fair and open spirit with which the criticism is penned. But we have made this selection not only to show the reader a good piece of criticism, but because it illustrates the possession in the artist of exactly that individuality the need of which one of the critics from whom we have quoted so much deploras. And Winslow Homer is an exception to the greater number of our painters simply in pushing his individuality too far. It is an axiom very generally prevailing among our artists that it is incumbent upon each painter to do honest and manly work, to avoid all academic methods, and to reject the authority of every school but the great school of Nature. And this right and fine principle the critics ought to recognize, instead of being forever ready with their sneers. The criticism above upon Mr. Homer, let us say, is by Mr. Henry James, Jr., and appeared in the *Galaxy*.

A SENTENCE in a London journal in regard to the Beecher trial reflects a sentiment entertained by many people on this side of the ocean. "It is impossible," exclaims our foreign critic, "to read the reports of the trial with which the American newspapers have for some months been flooded without feeling that there must be something essentially unsound in the constitution of a society which delights to gorge itself day by day with such loathsome garbage, which treats the suspected wickedness of a popular preacher as a good bit of gossip, and prostitutes the forms of justice to the pur-

poses of mere personal display and popular amusement."

Now we deplore, as much as any one does, the wide publicity of this Brooklyn scandal, but we believe that they are wholly wrong who think they discover, in the intense interest evinced by the public in the Beecher trial, a sign of "something unsound in the constitution of our society." Similar censures to this are always uttered when an important murder-trial is agitating the public mind; on occasions of this kind it is sure to be declared that the popular interest in the details of the crime evince a morbid appetite wholly lamentable and degrading.

There is, to our mind, just sufficient truth in these censures to give them currency and an air of wisdom. There are undoubtedly many people, and altogether too many, who derive pleasure from the scandalous details of a divorce suit, or the bloody incidents of a murder; but, if one will study the phenomena of the public sympathy and interest in these matters, he will discover that they are governed almost altogether by elements entirely apart from the horrors or the pruriency connected therewith. These elements are *mystery* and *perplexity*. No trial ever profoundly agitates the public unless there is opportunity for marked division of opinion, unless it becomes, as it were, a curious and baffling puzzle of which all are eager to find the solution, or is like a grand drama which the beholders watch with breathless interest for the *dénouement*. The murders in this country, for instance, that most profoundly excited the public mind were those of Helen Jewett and Dr. Burdell in New York, and of Parkman in Boston. In each of these instances the details of the murder were scanned and discussed mainly as to their significance in determining the all-absorbing question as to the guilt or innocence of the accused. The more perplexing and contradictory the evidence on any trial, the greater will be the public excitement. Where the mystery is very profound and the testimony perplexing, the community becomes divided into zealous partisans. Each man has his theory; everybody exercises his detective talent; and in every social circle the incidents of the story are taken up and searched through and through with a zeal immensely stimulated by the puzzling circumstances, and the opposition which each theory encounters from other theories. It is a peculiar constitution of the human mind to experience great excitement and zest in a mystery. Whatever baffles it stimulates it. And hence men and women must be made of very different stuff from what they are now if they can look on so strange and perplexing a game as we have recently seen played at Brooklyn without feeling a most intense interest in the issue. It may be said that, admitting our argument to be true, the sight of a whole people subjugated by a curiosity of this kind is not very

edifying. Quite true. But in justice we ought, in excitements of this nature, to look closely and see what the real cause of the public concern is; and if concern in the issue of a scandal be not a very high order of intellectual activity, it is at least immeasurably better that it should be this than merely a morbid love for prurient details. And let us say that the disposition to find in every act of our neighbors the baser motive is not elevating to him who indulges in it, nor is it calculated to exercise an influence for good upon the community.

Those who know Victor Hugo's manner of political disquisition and prophecy will shudder to think what is coming. We are threatened with a perfect inundation of glittering generalities and epigrammatic highfalutin in the shape of political memoirs. Victor Hugo does nothing, at least with the pen, by halves. His literary schemes are as elaborate and full of complex structure as a military engineer's plan of siege. He, therefore, lays out a scheme of discouraging proportions; nor will he be able to relate his part in French politics in less than three good-sized volumes. We already have his prologue, which is the shape of an essay on "Right and the Law," in which the illustrious Academician seems bent on persuading Frenchmen that right is one thing and law another, and that, if they want to do right, they must hold the law in slight esteem and scant obedience. Following close upon this super-transcendental thesis, which has the tone of one conjuring mankind to resolve to be perfect, and so abolish all necessity for law, we shall be confronted with three volumes of memoirs, entitled, respectively, "Before Exile," "During Exile," and "After Exile." Modern French history, then, is to be marked by epochs of Victor Hugo's own career. Instead of saying that such and such a thing occurred in the reign of Louis Philippe, it will be proper to say that it occurred "Before the Exile." And we must believe that "During Exile" the current of French politics ran dark and turgid enough. Why will not men of real genius be content with the fame which that genius achieves in its own proper sphere?

There is no doubt of Victor Hugo's illustrious rank among men of letters in his generation. The author of "Notre-Dame" and "Les Misérables" and "Hernani" and "The Terrible Year" ought to be content with the immortality which these bring, without seeking new worlds to conquer. As poet and romancer he is sometimes extravagant, too often hyperbolic; but here, at least, he is in an element where he is strong and great. The moment that, with a strange fatuity, he enters the political arena, and imagines himself a statesman, he becomes stilted, visionary, wild, and, we had almost said, nonsensical. It is sad that such a man as Victor Hugo should be laughed at; but, every time that

he makes an incursion into political by-ways, he exposes himself to ridicule. And he seems to be the one Frenchman whom ridicule neither dismays nor silences. He insists upon it that he is created to be the constitution-builder to "the parliament of man, the federation of the world;" being sure that, if only his scheme be adopted, the war-drum would throb no more, and the battle-flags would be furled. Hugo, like Carlyle, is bent on being a school-master of mankind; and the good-natured world, considering the glory of their writings, will, no doubt, "grin and bear it." They have, perhaps, earned the right to be chartered libertines of political pedagogy.

MR. CHARLES READE finds time, amid his literary labors, to make frequent diversions as a social reformer. He is a vigorous rival of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Every thing he says and does is thoroughly Readesque in energy and pungency. Now, he has been running a tilt against an institution called "The Dogs' Home." It was founded as a charity. Stray dogs, masterless and kennel-less, were picked up and welcomed to this canine retreat and hearthstone. Thence they were doled out to such people as wanted a faithful follower and domestic policeman. But, being for the most part ugly creatures, mongrel in breed and without the advantages of a liberal education, there were few demands upon the supplies of the "Home." Mr. Charles Reade, hearing suspicious things of the "Home," made a private tour of inspection thither; and the result is one of his crisp, sharp, and witty letters to a London paper. He says that the dogs are confined in seldom-cleaned cages, are poorly fed, and kept like canine felons. Nor was this the worst. He found out that after a certain time the undemanded dogs were ruthlessly killed to save their board. "So swift to shed blood," says Mr. Reade, "was 'home, sweet home.'" They were sacrificed because they could not "sell all in a moment, like a hot roll."

Mr. Reade goes on to tell the world what he knows about dogs, the sum of his information being that the half-bred dog is "often a handsome animal and generally a more intelligent one than the thorough-bred." He finds, however, that "if the dog captured is a retriever, hound, or even plain Pomeranian, his chances of living a week are small; and if he is half as great a mongrel as the Anglo-Saxon race, he is pretty sure to be murdered in a week, that 'home, sweet home' may save his biscuit and sawdust, and sell his skin." Between the policeman, who is given a reward for every stray dog he captures, and the "Home," which sells the dogs or kills them for their hides, the system has become a sheer commercial speculation. "Humanity," says our Society F. T. P. C. A. of one, "started a dogs' home; trade has grafted the

shop and the shambles. Humanity got dismayed at the mountain of dogs, and retreated. Trade saw its chance, and shot into the vacant place. The iron egotists who rob a poor creature of its life to sell its skin shall not pass for soft sentimentalists while I can wag a pen. The crying hyena is a new trader, and I resist him in the name of dog and man." It is certainly a good work to expose imposture, and strip the garment of charity from what seems to have become a mere money-making operation; but we fear that Mr. Reade will have to give over novel-writing altogether—which would be a sore grief to his thousands of readers—if he sets about unearthing all the trading wolves which go about appealing to public sympathy in the innocent garb of wool. However, one such exposure is a worthy deed, and Mr. Reade has proved himself as efficient a champion of the dog as he is skillful in "wagging a pen."

Literary.

THE first thing which it occurs to us to say of Tennyson's "Queen Mary" * is, that it is really a drama. Many of the modern so-called dramas are nothing more than poems, or "studies of character," broken up into dialogue and cast in dramatic forms, but impossible of representation on the stage, and, in fact, never intended for it; but Mr. Tennyson's characters really act, his scenes appeal to the eye and not to the imagination, and the drama itself, probably, will be seen in its true proportions only when seen on the stage. We do not mean by this that it takes its interest in any degree from the "surprises," "business," "gags," and carpentry, which are supposed to be indispensable to the acting play; but the dialogue is too vigorous, direct, and personal, for the full flavor to be caught by merely reading it; the action is rapid, and great pains have evidently been bestowed upon the pictorial accessories. Few dramas in the language, indeed, afford finer opportunities for the magnificent scene-painting which forms one of the achievements of the modern stage—Whitehall Palace, Lambeth Palace, the Guildhall, the Tower, London Bridge, Westminster Palace, the Houses of Parliament, all would call for representation—and provision is made for at least three street-pageants of a particularly impressive description.

The action of the drama covers the entire period of the reign of "Bloody Mary," opening with the entry into London which occurred just subsequent to her accession to the throne, and closing with the proclamation of Elizabeth by the Lords of the Council. Of the *dramatis personæ*, there are no fewer than forty-five, besides "Lords and other Attendants, Members of the Privy Council, Members of Parliament, two Gentlemen, Aldermen, Citizens, Peasants, Ushers, Messengers, Guards, Pages, etc.;" but out of the

* Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

crowd the figures of Queen Mary, Elizabeth, Philip of Spain, Gardiner, Archbishop Cranmer, Cardinal Pole, Simon Renard (the Spanish Ambassador), and Sir Thomas Wyatt, stand forth conspicuously prominent, while the story takes its essential unity from the life of Mary herself.

The first act is a long one and decidedly business-like, being occupied chiefly with positing the several leading characters, and twining together the threads of the subsequent story; but even thus early we come upon the main-springs of the drama—*Mary's* infatuation for *Philip*, the opposition of the English to her marriage with him, and the persecuting tendencies of the Roman Catholic revival. Scene v. of this act, in which *Mary* communes with herself over the miniature of *Philip*, shows it to her attendants and questions them regarding it, and avows to *Gardiner* her unalterable determination to have *Philip* and none other, is one of the most successful in the play; but it is too long to quote entire, and its parts are too interdependent to be separated.

The whole of the second act is devoted to the "Kentish insurrection," headed by *Sir Thomas Wyatt*, which came so near costing *Mary* her throne, and the complete defeat of which enabled her to triumph over all opposition, and to carry out her pet plans of marrying *Philip* and reestablishing the Romish worship in England. This act is spirited and dramatic, and contains some of the most skillful writing in the play.

Before the third act opens an interval of a year or more has elapsed, during which *Wyatt* and *Lady Jane Grey* have been beheaded, *Elizabeth* consigned to prison as a "suspect," and the queen married to her *Philip*, who by his haughty bearing and insolent Spanish airs has already awakened bitter hostility against himself both at court and among the people. In this act the story makes rapid progress. *Pole*, as Papal Legate, absolves England from the guilt of heresy, and takes her back once more into the fold of Holy Church; under the pressure of *Gardiner* and *Bonner*—*Mary* being a willing coadjutor—the baleful enginery of religious persecution is set in motion, and *Elizabeth* is partially reinstated at court. In the closing scene *Philip*, disgusted with the English climate, and tired of a wife whom he had never loved, and whom he had accepted only from motives of state policy, is on the point of leaving England. This scene is long; but, as it summarizes in a manner the controlling motif of the play, we venture to quote a considerable portion of it:

PHILIP.

But, Renard, I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Though I be ever deadly sick at sea.
So sick am I with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?
The nurses yawned, the cradle gaped, they led
Processions, chanted litanies, clashed their
bells,
Shot off their lying cannon, and her priests
Have preached, the fools, of this fair prince to
come,
Till, by St. James, I find myself the fool.
Why do you lift your eyebrow at me thus?

RENARD.

I never saw your highness moved till now.

PHILIP.
So, weary am I of this wet land of theirs,
And every soul of man that breathes therein.

RENARD.

My liege, we must not drop the mask before
The masquerade is over—

PHILIP.

—Have I dropped it?
I have but shown a loathing face to you,
Who knew it from the first.

Enter MARY.

MARY (aside).

With Renard. Still
Parleying with Renard, all the day with Renard,
And scarce a greeting all the day for me—
And goes to-morrow. [Exit MARY.]

PHILIP (to RENARD, who advances to him).

Well, sir, is there more?

RENARD (who has perceived the QUEEN).

May Simon Renard speak a single word?

PHILIP.

Ay.

RENARD.

And be forgiven for it?

PHILIP.

Simon Renard
Knows me too well to speak a single word
That could not be forgiven.

RENARD.

Well, my liege,
Your grace hath a most chaste and loving
wife.

PHILIP.

Why not? The queen of Philip should be
chaste.

RENARD.

Ay, but, my lord, you know what Virgil sings,
Woman is various and most mutable.

PHILIP.

She play the harlot! never.

RENARD.

No, sire, no,
Not dreamed of by the rabidest gospeler.
There was a paper thrown into the palace,
"The king hath wearied of his barren bride."
She came upon it, read it, and then rent it,
With all the rage of one who hates a truth
He cannot but allow. Sire, I would have
you—

What should I say, I cannot pick my words—
Be somewhat less—majestic to your queen.

PHILIP.

Am I to change my manners, Simon Renard,
Because these islanders are brutal beasts?
Or would you have me turn a sonneteer,
And warble those brief-sighted eyes of hers?

RENARD.

Brief-sighted thought they be, I have seen
them, sire,
When you perchance were trifling royally
With some fair dame of court, suddenly fill
With such fierce fire—had it been fire indeed
It would have burnt both speakers.

PHILIP.

Ay, and then?

RENARD.

Sire, might it not be policy in some matter
Of small importance now and then to cede
A point to her demand?

PHILIP.

Well, I am going.

RENARD.

For should her love when you are gone, my
liege,
Witness these papers, there will not be want-
ing
Those that will urge her injury—should her
love—
And I have known such women more than
one—
Veer to the counterpoint, and jealousy
Hath in it an alchemic force to fuse
Almost into one metal love and hate—
And she impress her wrongs upon her Coun-
cil,
And these again upon her Parliament—

We are not loved here, and would be then per-
haps
Not so well holpen in our wars with France,
As else we might be—here she comes.

Enter MARY.

MARY.

O Philip!

Nay, must you go, indeed?

PHILIP.

Madam, I must.

MARY.

The parting of a husband and a wife
Is like the cleaving of a heart; one half
Will flutter here, one there.

PHILIP.

You say true, madam.

MARY.

The Holy Virgin will not have me yet
Lose the sweet hope that I may bear a prince.
If such a prince were born and you not here!

PHILIP.

I should be here if such a prince were born.

MARY.

But must you go?

PHILIP.

Madam, you know my father,
Retiring into cloistral solitude
To yield the remnant of his years to heaven,
Will shift the yoke and weight of all the
world
From off his neck to mine. We meet at Brus-
sels.

But since mine absence will not be for long,
Your majesty shall go to Dover with me,
And wait my coming back.

MARY.

To Dover? no,
I am too feeble. I will go to Greenwich,
So you will have me with you; and there
watch

All that is gracious in the breath of heaven
Draw with your sails from our poor land, and
pass
And leave me, Philip, with my prayers for
you.

PHILIP.

And doubtless I shall profit by your prayers.

MARY.

Methinks that would you tarry one day more
(The news was sudden), I could mould my-
self

To bear your going better; will you do it?

PHILIP.

Madam, a day may sink or save a realm.

MARY.

A day may save a heart from breaking, too.

PHILIP.

Well, Simon Renard, shall we stop a day?

RENARD.

Your grace's business will not suffer, sire,
For one day more, so far as I can tell.

PHILIP.

Then one day more to please her majesty.

MARY.

The sunshine sweeps across my life again.
Oh, if I knew you felt this parting, Philip,
As I do!

PHILIP.

By St. James I do protest,
Upon the faith and honor of a Spaniard,
I am vastly grieved to leave your majesty.—
Simon, is supper ready?

RENARD.

Ay, my liege,
I saw the covers laying.

PHILIP.

Let us have it. [Exeunt.]

With the fourth act the drama takes on a deeper tone, and rises to loftier heights of poetry. The entire act is devoted to the religious persecutions, especially to the burning of Cranmer at the stake. The scenes preliminary to this most melancholy tragedy in the annals of the English Church—the abortive petition of the Lords for Cranmer's pardon,

the procuring of the recantations, the meeting at St. Mary's Church, where Cranmer is expected to abjure his heresy, and abjures his recantations instead, the procession to the stake—all are described with exceeding vividness of detail. Cranmer's speech at St. Mary's is surpassingly fine, unequaled in vigor, simplicity, and pathos, by any thing of the kind in recent literature. The horror of the actual scene at the stake is spared us, but the following description of it is given by an eyewitness fresh from the burning:

PETERS.

You saw him how he passed among the crowd;
And ever as he walked the Spanish friars
Still plied him with entreaty and reproach:
But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm
Stears, ever looking to the happy haven
Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death;

And I could see that many silent hands
Came from the crowd and met his own, and thus,

When we had come where Ridley burned with Latimer,

He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind
Is all made up, in haste put off the rags
They had mocked his misery with, and all in white,

His long white beard, which he had never shaven

Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain
Where with they bound him to the stake, he stood

More like an ancient father of the Church
Than heretic of these times; and still the friars

Plied him, but Cranmer only shook his head,
Or answered them in smiling negatives;
Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry:
"Make short! make short!" and so they lit the wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven,
And thrust his right into the bitter flame;
And crying, in his deep voice, more than once:

"This hath offended—this unworthy hand!"
So held it till it all was burned, before
The flame had reached his body; I stood near—

Marked him—he never uttered a moan of pain:

He never stirred or writhed, but, like a statue,
Unmoving in the greatness of the flame,
Gave up the ghost; and so passed martyr-like—
Martyr I may not call him—passed—but but whither?

PAGET.

To purgatory, man—to purgatory!

PETERS.

Nay, but, my lord, he denied purgatory.

PAGET.

Why then to heaven; and God ha' mercy on him.

In the fifth act the interest is concentrated on Queen Mary, who appears before us in her declining days, deserted by her husband, hopeless of an heir, involved by Philip in an unpopular war with France, conscious of being hated by her people, and racked with disease. The pathos of this act is profound and powerful; for, though Tennyson has made little effort to soften the hard and unlovely outlines of Mary's character, though he has represented her as she really was—a cold, selfish, cruel woman, in politics an incapable, and in religion a ferocious bigot—yet, recalling her ardent devotion to Philip and her sorrowful life with him, and looking upon the utter desolation of her latter end, we are moved to sympathy, and find ourselves regarding "the bloody queen" with infinite pity, if not with affection. This, indeed, is Tennyson's true triumph: that he has taken

one of the most repulsive characters in modern annals, and, without violating the truth of history or attempting to confuse our judgment, linked her to her kind by simply exhibiting her under the influence of those passions and sorrows which are common to us all, and which, therefore, appeal to our most universal human sympathies. Henceforth, History's stern verdict upon Mary will be mitigated in the reader's mind by the recollection of the scene (scene ii., act v.) of which we shall now quote a part:

POLE (to MARY).

Ah, cousin, I remember
How I would dandle you upon my knee
At lisping-age. I watched you dancing once
With your huge father; he looked the Great Harry.

You but his cockboat: prettily you did it
And innocently. No, we were not made
One flesh in happiness, no happiness here;
But now we are made one flesh in misery:
Our bridesmaids are not lovely—Disappointment,
Ingratitude, Injustice, Evil-tongue,
Labor-in-vain.

MARY.

Surely, not all in vain.
Peace, cousin, peace! I am sad at heart myself.

POLE.

Our altar is a mound of dead men's clay,
Dug from the grave that yawns for us beyond;
And there is one Death stands behind the groom,
And there is one Death stands behind the bride—

MARY.

Have you been looking at "The Dance of Death!"

POLE.

No; but these libelous pupers which I found
Strewn in your palace. Look you here: the pope
Pointing at me with "Pole, the heretic,
Thou hast burned others, do thou burn thyself,
Or I will burn thee," and this other; see—
"We pray continually for the death
Of our accursed queen and Cardinal Pole."
This last—I dare not read it her. [Aside.]

MARY.

Away!

Why do you bring me these? I never read,
I thought you knew me better. I never read,
I tear them; they come back upon my dreams.
The hands that write them should be burned
clean off
As Cranmer's, and the fiends that utter them
Tongue-torn with pincers, lashed to death, or
lie
Famishing in black cells, while famished rats
Eat them alive. Why do you bring me these?
Do you mean to drive me mad?

POLE.

I had forgotten
How these poor libels trouble you. Your pardon,
Sweet cousin, and farewell! "O bubble world,
Whose colors in a moment break and fly!"
Why, who said that? I know not—true enough!

[Puts up the papers, all but the last, which falls.]

Exit POLE.

ALICE.

If Cranmer's spirit were a mocking one,
And heard these two, there might be sport for him. [Aside.]

MARY.

Clarence, they hate me: even while I speak
There lurks a silent dagger, listening
In some dark closet, some long gallery, drawn,
And panting for my blood as I go by.

LADY CLARENCE.

Nay, madam, there be loyal papers, too,
And I have often found them.

MARY.

Find me one!

LADY CLARENCE.

Ay, madam; but Sir Nicholas Heath, the chancellor,
Would see your highness.

MARY.

Wherefore should I see him?

LADY CLARENCE.

Well, madam, he may bring you news from Philip.

MARY.

So, Clarence.

LADY CLARENCE.

Let me first put up your hair;
It tumbles all abroad.

MARY.

And the gray dawn
Of an old age that never shall be mine
Is all the clearer seen. No, no; what matters?
Forlorn I am, and let me look forlorn.

Enter SIR NICHOLAS HEATH.

HEATH.

I bring your majesty such grievous news
I grieve to bring it. Madam, Calais is taken.

MARY.

What traitor spoke? Here, let my cousin Pole
Seize and burn him for a Lutheran.

HEATH.

Her highness is unwell. I will retire.

LADY CLARENCE.

Madam, your chancellor, Sir Nicholas Heath.

MARY.

Sir Nicholas? I am stunned—Nicholas Heath?
Methought some traitor smote me on the head—

What said you, my good lord, that our brave
English
Had sallied out from Calais and driven back
The Frenchmen from their trenches?

HEATH.

Alas! no.
That gateway to the main-land over which
Our flag hath floated for two hundred years
Is France again.

MARY.

So; but it is not lost—
Not yet. Send out: let England as of old
Rise lion-like, strike hard and deep into
The prey they are rending from her—ay, and
rend

The renders, too. Send out, send out, and
make

Muster in all the counties; gather all
From sixteen years to sixty; collect the fleet;
Let every craft that carries sail and gun
Steer toward Calais. Guisnes is not taken
yet?

HEATH.

Guisnes is not taken yet.

MARY.

There is yet hope.

HEATH.

Ah, madam, but your people are so cold;
I do much fear that England will not care.
Methinks there is no manhood left among us.

MARY.

Send out. I am too weak to stir abroad;
Tell my mind to the Council—to the Parliament:
Proclaim it to the winds. Thou art cold thyself
To babble of their coldness. Oh, would I
were

My father for an hour! Away now—quick!

[Exit HEATH.]

I hoped I had served God with all my might!
It seems I have not. Ah, much heresy
Sheltered in Calais. Saints, I have rebuilt
Your shrines, set up your broken images;
Be comfortable to me. Suffer not
That my brief reign in England be defamed
Through all her angry chronicles hereafter
By loss of Calais. Grant me Calais—Philip,
We have made war upon the Holy Father
All for your sake! What good could come
of that?

LADY CLARENCE.

No, madam, not against the Holy Father;
You did but help King Philip's war with
France.
Your troops were never down in Italy.

MARY.
I am a byword. Heretic and rebel
Point at me and make merry. Philip gone!
And Calais gone! Time that I were gone too?
(*Sees the paper dropped by POLK.*)

There, there! another paper! said you not
Many of these were loyal? Shall I try
If this be one of such?

LADY CLARENCE.
Let it be, let it be.
God pardon me! I have never yet found one.
[Aside.]

MARY (*reads*).
"Your people hate you as your husband hates
you."
Clarence, Clarence, what have I done? what
Beyond all grace, all pardon? Mother of God,
Thou knowest never woman meant so well,
And fared so ill in this disastrous world.
My people hate me and desire my death.

LADY CLARENCE.
No, madam, no.

MARY.
My husband hates me, and desires my death.

LADY CLARENCE.
No, madam; these are libels.

MARY.
I hate myself, and I desire my death.

We have little more to add. What we have already written will suffice, we trust, to give the reader a tolerably accurate idea of the scope and quality of the work. To characterize such a performance might savor of presumption; while it would certainly be fruitless to follow the example of the *London Times* (referred to last week), and institute a comparison between poets who have so little in common, even when they essay the drama, as Shakespeare and Tennyson. It is enough to say that "Queen Mary" is worthy of its author's fame; that its vigor, dramatic fire, simplicity of diction, and freedom from all effort at merely rhetorical effects, will surprise those whose knowledge of Tennyson is founded chiefly upon his later work, in which the singer has almost been lost in the artist; and that it will undoubtedly take a foremost place among the literary achievements of our time.

PROFESSOR J. E. CAIRNES, of University College, London, is now generally recognized as the leading living exponent of the orthodox school of political economy—the school founded by Adam Smith, and of which the late J. S. Mill was, perhaps, the most distinguished expositor. Whatever he chose to say, therefore, on politico-economical questions, would be entitled to respectful consideration; but, independent of this, his little collection of lectures on "The Character and Logical Method of Political Economy" (New York: Harper & Brothers) fills a place in the popular literature of the science that has been occupied by no previous book. It is not a systematic treatise on the principles of political economy; much less is it a complete survey of its phenomena and laws; but it stands alone in the precision with which it defines the nature, objects, and limits of economic science, and the method of investigation proper to it as a subject of scientific study. For this reason it is admirably adapted to serve as an introduction to the study of the science, or as the close of a course of reading when the time has come to coördi-

nate, systematize, and classify the ideas that have been accumulated in the reader's mind.

Professor Cairnes thinks that the present state of instability and uncertainty even as to fundamental propositions in political economy, which has retarded and almost arrested the growth of the science in recent years, is owing partly to a want of precision in its definitions, but chiefly to an attempt on the part of many professed expounders of the science (the French school especially) to extend its boundaries so as to include in it all the various phenomena presented by society. Besides the controversies which this has caused, and the difficulty involved in thus grouping together phenomena which have no scientific relation to each other, the result has been to divert political economy from its proper field, the laws of the production and distribution of wealth, to a consideration of social interests and relations generally, in the discussion of which its exponents have taken sides and become the apologists or assailants of institutions which it was their business simply to analyze. As a consequence of these attempts to represent political economy in the guise of a dogmatic code of cut-and-dried rules, a system promulgating decrees, sanctioning one social arrangement, condemning another, requiring from men, not consideration, but obedience, it has awakened the repugnance, and even the violent opposition, not only of those who have all along regarded the science as "dismal," "unchristian," and "inhuman," but of that vast mass of people who have their own reasons for not cherishing that unbounded admiration of existing industrial arrangements which is felt by some popular expositors of so-called economic laws. The main object of Professor Cairnes in these lectures is to bring back the science to its rightful limits, which, as we have already said, are the laws of the production, distribution, and consumption of wealth, and to show that, within these limits, it is a true science, dealing with phenomena only, and not intruding at all upon the domain of morals, or either indorsing or condemning social arrangements or industrial schemes. The argument in which this proposition is enforced is a beautiful example of lucid, forcible, and convincing reasoning; and though the chain is too closely welded to be easily unlinked, we cannot refrain from quoting a single paragraph, bearing upon the points we have just mentioned:

"For those who clearly apprehend what science, in the modern sense of the term, means, this ought sufficiently to indicate at once its (political economy's) province and what it undertakes to do. Unfortunately, many who perfectly understand what science means when the word is employed with reference to physical Nature, allow themselves to slide into a totally different sense of it, or rather into acquiescence in an absence of all distinct meaning in its use, when they employ it with reference to social existence. In the minds of a large number of people every thing is social science which proposes to deal with social facts, either in the way of remedying a grievance, or in promoting order and progress in society: every thing is political economy which is in any way connected with the production, distribution, or consumption of

wealth. Now I am anxious here to insist upon this fundamental point: whatever takes the form of a plan aiming at definite practical ends—it may be a measure for the diminution of pauperism, for the reform of land-tenure, for the extension of coöperative industry, for the regulation of currency; or it may assume a more ambitious shape, and aim at reorganizing society under spiritual and temporal powers, represented by a high-priest of humanity and three bankers—it matters not what the proposal may be, whether wide or narrow in its scope, severely judicious or wildly imprudent—if its object be to accomplish definite practical ends, then I say it has none of the characteristics of a science, and has no just claim to the name. Consider the case of any recognized physical science—astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, physiology—does any of these aim at definite practical ends? at modifying in a definite manner, it matters not how, the arrangement of things in the physical universe? Clearly not. In each case the object is, not to attain tangible results, not to prove any definite thesis, not to advocate any practical plan, but simply to give light, to reveal laws of Nature, to tell us what phenomena are found together, what effects follow from what causes. Does it follow from this that the physical sciences are without bearing on the practical concerns of mankind? I think I need not trouble myself to answer that question. Well, then, political economy is a science in the same sense in which astronomy, dynamics, chemistry, and physiology are sciences. Its subject-matter is different; it deals with the phenomena of wealth, while they deal with the phenomena of the physical universe; but its methods, its aims, the character of its conclusions, are the same as theirs. What astronomy does for the phenomena of the heavenly bodies; what dynamics does for the phenomena of motion; what chemistry does for the phenomena of chemical combination; what physiology does for the phenomena of the functions of organic life, that political economy does for the phenomena of wealth: it expounds the laws according to which these phenomena coexist with or succeed each other; that is to say, it expounds the laws of the phenomena of wealth."

In one lecture the Malthusian doctrine of population, and in another the theory of rent, are very carefully analyzed and explained; but the entire book is one which we can recommend warmly to all students of politico-economical questions. The fact that the lectures were delivered some seventeen years ago does not in any way lessen their value—the problems of that time are the problems of to-day—and, besides the introduction of entirely new topics, extensive changes have been made throughout in the form and treatment.

MRS. FRANCES ELLIOT is already known to readers of the *JOURNAL*, by her "Romance of Old Court-Life in France," as a forcible, vivid, and graceful writer, with a decided taste for the picturesque and personal side of history and an equally decided talent for brilliant, pictorial, and somewhat gorgeous description. Her latest work, "The Italians" (New York: D. Appleton & Co.), takes its chief interest from the same tastes and qualities. Though, in form, a novel, the story is exceedingly slight, and the characters are types rather than persons; the real

object of the book being to picture the Italian society of the period, with its proud old nobility, whose very names have an historic sound, and whose traditions link the present with the middle ages, but whose fortunes are grievously decayed, and its *nouveaux riches* whom the new order of things and the increasing importance of wealth have lifted to a social prominence which the hereditary caste bitterly resents but is obliged to tolerate. Mrs. Elliot has lived long in Italy, she writes from abundant knowledge of her subject, and her delineations have a "truthful seeming" quality which one hesitates to call in question; yet we cannot help hoping that the picture is exaggerated, and that the author has been led by her preference for the salient and the striking to select the exceptions and ignore the rule. Every generous mind throughout the world has been in hearty sympathy with the awakening and growth of the new Italy; but what can be hoped of a nation of whose society the following can be truthfully written? For it must be remembered that these "golden youth" are but the product, the illustration, the expression of the social life in the midst of which they are bred:

"Beside Count Nobili some *jeunesse dorée* of his own age (sons of the best houses in Lucca) also lean over the Venetian casements. Like the liveried giants at the entrance, these laugh, ogle, chaff, and criticise the wearers of Leghorn hats, black veils, and white head-gear, freely. They smoke, and drink *liqueurs* and sherbet, and crack sugar-plums out of crystal cups on silver plates, set on embossed trays placed beside them. The profession of these young men is idleness. They excel in it. Let us pause for a moment and ask what they do—this *jeunesse dorée*, to whom is committed the sacred mission of regenerating an heroic people? They could teach Ovid 'the art of love.' It comes to them in the air they breathe. They do not love their neighbors as themselves, but they love their neighbors' wives. Nothing is holy to them. 'All the world for love, and the world well lost,' is their motto. They can smile in their best friend's face, weep with him, rejoice with him, eat with him, drink with him, and—betray him; they do this every day, and do it well. They can also lie artistically, dressing up imaginary details with great skill, gamble and sing, swear, and talk scandal. They can lead a graceful, dissolute, *far niente* life, loll in carriages, and be whirled round for hours, say the Florence Cascine, the Roman Pincio, and the park at Milan—smoking the while, and raising their hats to the ladies. . . . They are ready of tongue and easy of offense. They can fight duels (with swords), generally a harmless exercise. They can dance. They can hold strong opinions on subjects on which they are crassly ignorant, and yield neither to fact nor argument where their mediæval usages are concerned. All this the Golden Youth of Italy can do, and do it well.

"Yet from such stuff as this are to come the future ministers, prefects, deputies, financiers, diplomats, and senators, who are to regenerate the world's old mistress! Alas, poor Italy!"

Alas, indeed! for this is not the worst of it. Erica, the heroine, is the only pure woman in the book; and her innocence is preserved first by a childhood and youth spent in almost conventual seclusion, and af-

terward by an absorbing affection for the man who in the end wins her hand. The story of this affection is entirely unexceptionable, but the social background on which it is thrown is a perfect Vanity Fair of folly, hypocrisy, and vice.

Mrs. Elliot, as we have said, has a marked talent for description, and in the present work finds ample opportunity for indulging it. The old city of Lucca, as it nestles in the valley of the Serchio; its massive edifices, half palace and half fortress, relics of the old warlike times when the lords of Lucca struggled with Florence and Pisa for supremacy in Italy; its famous historical achievements; its venerable nobility, contrasting oddly with the modern insignificance of their town; its festivals and civic ceremonials; its *fêtes* and balls; the country around, with its olive-plantations, chestnut-forests, and cornfields; the peasants, beggars, village gossips, and priests—all are brought before us with a vividness that leaves little to be demanded of the reader's imagination. An actual visit to Lucca could hardly add much to the knowledge which we seem to have gotten of the picturesque old city and the life of its inhabitants.

Without being exciting, "The Italians" is a book which it is not easy to lay aside unfinished, and we can testify from experience as to the facility with which it induces one to sit into the wee small hours.

A WRITER in *Cornhill* on "Ballad Poetry" closes his paper with the following comments in regard to a few recent poets as ballad-writers: "Almost every poet, whether English or German, who flourished at the close of last century or in the early years of this century, shows a profound sympathy with the feeling that gives life to the old ballads. In our country this sympathy directed the poetical course of Scott, dominated the genius of Coleridge and of Wordsworth, influenced in a considerable measure the rhythmical efforts of Southey, and moved with a secret but irresistible force many a smaller poet, who, if there were still, as in days of the troubadours, a minstrel college, would be entitled to a certificate of merit.

"Of all modern writers, Scott retains, we think, in the largest degree the force and picturesque quality of style which distinguish the old minstrels. His description of Flodden Field, while exhibiting an artistic skill unknown in earlier times, has the spirit and movement, the directness and heartiness, which delight us in the balladists, and, as a writer in the *Times* has lately remarked, his "Bonnie Dundee" is, of all Jacobite ballads, "one of the most spirited and soul-stirring." In "Young Lochinvar," a modern version of an old story, Scott gives another fine specimen of rapid and vigorous narrative which would have delighted the wandering singers of an earlier age. Lord Macaulay, too, caught with singular felicity the strain of the ballad-singers, and there is not a school-boy in England who has not read, we had almost said who cannot recite, "The Battle of Naseby," or the glorious story of

"How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old."

"And in some of the poets who have lately passed away, as well as in others who are happily still able to receive our love and homage,

there are similar signs of affection for the ballad. Mrs. Browning displays them frequently, although it must be acknowledged that the high effort exhibited in her verse is generally opposed to the directness and simplicity demanded from the balladist. Mr. Browning is never more picturesque, more vigorous, more able to stir the pulses, than when he surrenders himself to the emotion of the ballad. Truly says a writer in the *Spectator*, that Mr. Browning's ballads are among his most spirited poems. "They throb with a keen, sharp pulse of tense energy and excitement, which makes the eye and heart of his readers converge on the one point of sight of his narrative, and never dare to withdraw themselves till that point is reached." These ballads are by no means the finest works produced by the poet, but they are the most popular, and even persons who obstinately refuse to admire Mr. Browning's poetry will do justice to "The Ride from Ghent to Aix," and to the noble story of "The Breton Pirate, Hervé Riel." The poet-laureate, too, has given us some charming examples of what a writer of the highest culture and of exquisite taste can produce in this direction. So have Mr. Rossetti, Mr. Kingsley, the late Sidney Dobell, and other poets, who are all more or less indebted to the ballad-singers of earlier days.

"There is a mighty difference, of course, between the ballad of literary culture and the ballad produced in an untutored period, but the "one touch of Nature" makes the resemblance stronger than the diversity; and no one who reads Lady Anne Lindsay's "Auld Robin Gray," or Mr. Rossetti's "Stratton Water," can doubt that the inspiration which gave birth to the rude minstrelsy of a rude age is as potent as ever. Indeed, it would be possible to make a charming selection of ballads—Mr. Palgrave would call them "ballads in court dress"—dating from the beginning of the century, and among them might be included a number of humorous pieces from the pen of Mr. Thackeray and other well-known writers, which would impart a raucous flavor to the volume. The element of humor is rarely perceptible in the old ballad, but in the ballad produced by men of letters it is a frequent characteristic, and many an admirable specimen is to be met with in the recent literature both of England and of America."

M. ARSÈNE HOUSSEY, who is himself credited with an ambition to secure a place among the Forty Immortals, makes the following reference, in his last letter to the *Tribune*, to the recent elections at the Academy: "There has just been a duel at the Academy. People said even in the eighteenth century, 'The French Academy is an illustrious company where they receive men of the sword, men of the church, men of the law, men of the world—and even men of letters.' At present the Academy is an illustrious company where they receive nothing but politicians. Therefore, before the duel of which I am speaking the Academy had given the chair of Jules Janin to M. John Lemoine, and editor of the *Journal des Débats*, a courteous gentleman, who will recall under the cupola of the Institute the appearance and the wit of Prévost-Paradol, who was minister of France among you. Rivarol, who was not an academicien, said, 'To be one of the Forty you must have done nothing;' but he added, 'You must not carry this too far.' M. John Lemoine has made no books, but he has fought valiantly against darkness and prejudice. I give him my vote. My son, who is also an editor of the *Débats*, assures me that he was the only candi-

date worthy of the chair. This is what is called preaching for one's saint. But for the chair of M. Guizot there was a real duel in four combats. On the one side the Republic, on the other the Empire and Orleanism; M. Jules Simon, formerly Minister of Public Instruction under the governments of the 4th September and of M. Thiers, and M. Dumas, Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences and Senator of the Empire. The struggle was very hot. Each required only one vote to pass to the Immortality of the Quarantaine. If M. Dumas had not had Alexandre Dumas against him, he would have been safe enough; but the author of 'The Demi-Monde' thought that there were enough Dumas there already. The duel is postponed for six months. About that time—for things do not go rapidly at the Academy—M. Lemoine will have had his green embroidered coat made. People will say, of course, 'L'habit ne fait pas Lemoine.' His rivals have already said that he had better put on a harlequin's coat to represent the different opinions which he has defended."

Mrs. RUSKIN has fulfilled the promise made in "Fors Clavigera," and opened a shop in London for the sale of pure tea to all who care to have the article in an unadulterated state. . . . The Duchess of Edinburgh is an accomplished linguist. It is said that at the czar's court she was able to speak with all the foreign ambassadors, except the Turkish, in their own language. . . . Charles Desilver & Sons, of Philadelphia, announce a new edition of Sanderson's "Biographies of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence," revised and edited by the Hon. Robert T. Conrad. . . . Lord Houghton, better known here, perhaps, as Monckton Milnes, expects to pay us a visit early in the autumn. . . . Mr. George Ripley has had the degree of LL. D. conferred upon him by the University of Michigan—a well-deserved compliment. . . . Speaking of Captain Lawson's "Wanderings in the Interior of New Guinea," about the authenticity of which a controversy has been raging in London recently, the *Spectator* says: "The charm of this strange narrative is very great. If New Guinea, according to Captain Lawson, be not a mirage, or such a dream as the haasheesh-eater summons up at will, it must be an earthly paradise, slightly tempered by natives, serpents, and 'yagi' spiders." . . . The French papers announce that Prince Richard von Metternich is preparing his father's memoirs for publication. . . . The *Athenaeum* has discovered that the American publishers of General Sherman's "Memoirs" paid "the enormous sum of seventy-three thousand dollars for the copyright." . . . Mr. Trevelyan's "Life of Lord Macaulay," to be published shortly in London, will be much more social than political in character. . . . It is whispered that, in spite of assertions to the contrary, Sir Arthur Helps has left behind him a diary which, though not "official," contains many singular political revelations, and that it will be published about the beginning of next winter. . . . John Bright is reported to be writing his autobiography. . . . The *Athenaeum* says that in "Miss Angel" Miss Thackeray has "given us in the guise of a story a most interesting picture of that Georgian time which her father appreciated so well, and which, in spite of faults, both moral and political, produced, on the whole, the best specimens of our race which England has seen for the last two centuries. We cannot hear too much of the age which produced Johnson and Reynolds." . . . In a long review of Parkman's "Old Régime

in Canada," the *Spectator* says: "The book bears marks of very great industry and research upon the part of Mr. Parkman; he appears to have consulted every available original document in the Archives of the Marine and Colonies at Paris and elsewhere, and he has undoubtedly given to the world a great mass of facts of the most interesting kind relating to the French administration of Canada, which would probably have otherwise long remained hidden in dusty strong boxes. He has given any one who cares any thing at all about the colonies an opportunity of forming his own opinion upon the methods by which the monarchical administration of France strove to make good its hold, why it achieved a certain kind of success, and why it failed at last." But with all Mr. Parkman's industry and with all the facts which he spreads before us, he is unable to paint an harmonious historical picture. The work contains a vast amount of material, but it lies before us in disjointed masses, and instead of a consecutive story, arranged in a clear, chronological order, with certain points standing well out, based upon symmetrically arranged facts, we have a pile of very interesting information, but not a properly moulded historical work. Therefore, valuable as this book undoubtedly is, we cannot praise its form."

From Abroad.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

THE Salon has closed at last, and we are left lamenting. Never again shall we set eyes upon the greater part of the pictures exhibited there, and it was with an actual feeling of sadness that I went to take one last long, lingering farewell look at my favorites. All this week and the next will be devoted to the removal of the paintings, and then the Palais d'Industrie will be fitted up for the great Exhibition of Fluvial and Maritime Industries, which is to open on the 10th of July and remain open till November. Looking back on the glories of the vanished Salon, one recalls many of the witticisms which the pictures called forth from among the more facetious of the critics. Thus Bouguereau's lovely "Holy Family" was dubbed "a Raphael varnished with cold cream;" Brion's "Baptism" was styled "a remarkably well-painted satin coverlet, with infantile accessories;" Munkacsy's "Harem Scene" "should have had the lantern in the centre lighted to let the spectators see what was going on," etc., etc. The most popular picture with Americans has undoubtedly been the aforesaid "Holy Family." Had it not become the property of the lucky proprietor of the Bon Marché, M. Aristide Boncicault, before the exhibition opened, it would undoubtedly have speedily found its way to our shores. The finest picture in the Salon was probably the noble portrait of Madame Pascal, by Bonnet, though the vigor and intelligence displayed in the "Respha" of George Becker have met with due appreciation. The painter of this painful, powerful, and gigantic picture is said to be the smallest artist in Paris, being scarcely taller than a boy of twelve years of age. The American artists made a remarkably creditable display this year, Mr. Wylie's two fine pictures being much commended, as were also the contributions of Messrs. Knight and Healy. The panic in America will probably have the effect of lowering the prices of pictures as well as of other articles of luxury. It is a strange fact that the rising artists over here have not one particle

of sense about the sums they ought to ask for their works, particularly when an American prices them. Not an unfledged artist, not a *débutant* who has achieved his first upward step by gaining admission to the Salon, but imagines that he would do well to compete, if not with Meissonier, and Cabanel, and Gérôme, at least with Merle and Bouguereau, in the matter of prices though in nothing else. An American gentleman one day while strolling through the Salon took a fancy to a small picture by a totally unknown artist; the work was one of no particular merit, but he was pleased with the subject, and thought he would like to become its possessor. He consulted a friend of some art-experience as to its probable price, and was told that four thousand francs (eight hundred dollars) would be more than its value. He wrote, therefore, to the artist about it, and received the answer that twenty thousand francs (four thousand dollars) was the price of the picture. That reply at once and definitely closed all negotiations, and the artist will probably have the pleasure of keeping his picture in his studio for some time to come. The *Figaro* gives the following dialogue of two artists strolling through the exhibition. One asks of the other:

"How are you getting along?"

"Oh, very well," is the answer. "I ask now twelve thousand francs" (twenty-four hundred dollars) "for a head, and twenty thousand" (four thousand dollars) "for a full-length portrait."

"Those are my prices also."

"They walk on a little farther."

"How many orders have you got at those prices?"

"Not one. And you?"

"Not one either."

It is said that the elder artists of France are responsible for these absurd prices, as they give insidious and of course bad advice to the rising members of the profession, wishing to avoid competition. I have been told that a foreign rival was once adroitly extinguished by the confraternity in the following manner: A young and gifted Belgian artist was engaged, during the sunny days of the empire, in painting a view of the Salle d'Apollon in the Louvre. His work attracted the attention of the Duke de Morny, who not only ordered a picture from him, but recommended him to the notice of the empress, who gave him a commission for two pictures, for which he was to fix his own price. The work finished, he consulted some of his artist friends in Paris as to the price he ought to ask. A distinguished Italian portrait-painter, then residing in Paris, advised him to fix no sum, but to leave the amount to the well-known generosity of his imperial patroness. "Nonsense!" cried his French advisers; "charge high for your pictures, it is the government that pays, and governments are always expected to pay largely." In an evil hour he followed the advice of his French counselors. The sum that he demanded was far beyond the value of such paintings from so youthful and comparatively inexperienced a hand, and the empress, disgusted at his apparent rapacity, never gave him another order.

A monument to the memory of Théophile Gautier is to be inaugurated in the Cemetery of Montmartre, on Thursday next. This monument, the work of one of the friends of the deceased poet, M. Godebski, a Russian sculptor, is composed of a sarcophagus in Carrara marble, on which is placed a statue of Poetry, leaning on a medallion portrait of Gautier, which is said to be a striking resemblance. The monument was gotten up by a subscrip-

tion among the personal friends of the poet, M. Godebski having contributed his work, and M. Drevet, the architect who presided at the placing of it (a task, by-the-way, of no little difficulty, as the space was restricted and unfavorably situated), having also refused to charge for his services. A monument to Jules Janin, by the same sculptor, is to be inaugurated in the Cemetery of Montparnasse on the 28th of this month.

A commemorative service for the repose of the soul of the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian was celebrated on Saturday last, in the Church of St. Augustine, the Bonapartist church *par excellence*. Some eighty persons only were present, among whom were several Mexicans. One old woman, who had taken up her station in one of the side-chapels, was much affected, and wept profusely. That was the only evidence of emotion displayed by any one there. As a rule, the congregation looked bored, and very much as if they would prefer a drive in the Bois to thus honoring the memory of that royal victim to imperial policy.

Ernest Legouvé has just published in the *Temps* a curious article about Mademoiselle Rachel and his great play of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," which, it will be remembered, he wrote in collaboration with Scribe. He says: "Adrienne Lecouvreur" had been composed for Mademoiselle Rachel at her own request, or I might even say in answer to her prayer. Shakespeare has written, 'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and the name of Mademoiselle Rachel was variableness. Changeable by nature and by imagination, she was still more so by weakness; she consulted everybody, and everybody had some influence over her. The ratiocination of a critic would suffice to disenchant her with the idea which had most charmed her a moment before, and so it occurred with 'Adrienne.' Her advisers terrified her respecting this excursion into the domains of the romantic drama. 'What! Hermione and Phédre consent to speak in prose, the daughter of Cornelle and Racine become the goddaughter of M. Scribe! It would be a profanation.'

"The day of the reading before the company, Mademoiselle Rachel arrived, resolved to refuse her rôle. Scribe took his manuscript, and commenced the reading, while I looked on, buried in a vast arm-chair. Then was there unfolded before me a double comedy, firstly, ours, and secondly, that which was silently taking place in the hearts of the *sociétaires*. Vaguely instructed as to the secret inclinations of their illustrious comrade, they found themselves in a very delicate position. A drama, written for Mademoiselle Rachel, and which Mademoiselle Rachel would refuse to play, might become a grave subject of difficulties for the theatre, and even the cause of a lawsuit if it were received by the committee. Therefore, the committee studied the reading of 'Adrienne' from the countenance of Mademoiselle Rachel. As that countenance remained perfectly impassible, they too remained impassible. Throughout these five long acts she never smiled, she never approved, she never applauded; they neither smiled, approved, nor applauded. So complete was the general immobility that Scribe, thinking that he saw one of our judges on the point of going to sleep, interrupted the reading to say, 'Pray, do not put yourself out on my account, I beg of you.' The *sociétaires* protested vigorously against the accusation."

Of course the piece was refused. The next day three different managers came to treat for the work. One of them insisted upon having it, saying, "My leading lady has never yet

had a death-scene on the stage, and she would be so glad to die by poison!" But notwithstanding this touching appeal, Scribe resolved to return his play, in the hope that the great actress, for which it had been especially composed, might yet consent to appear in it. She did consent, after the piece had been a second time read before the committee, this time by Legouvé instead of Scribe, and from that time forward throughout all the rehearsals, she was the most patient and devoted of interpreters and collaborators. Legouvé relates the following incident: "A short time before the first representation, we had an evening rehearsal. Scribe, detained at the Opera by the rehearsals of 'Le Prophète,' did not come. The first four acts brought us to eleven o'clock; everybody left except Mademoiselle Rachel, M. Regnier, M. Maillart, and myself. Suddenly, Mademoiselle Rachel said to me: 'We are masters of the theatre now, suppose we try that fifth act which we have not yet rehearsed? I have studied it by myself for three days past, and I should like to learn the effects of my studies.' We descended on the stage, the gas-jets and the foot-lights were extinguished, our only light was a smoky little oil-lamp beside the prompter's box, wherein there was no prompter; the only spectators were the chief fireman asleep on a chair between the two side-scenes, and I myself, seated in the orchestra. From the very beginning, I was thrilled to the heart by the accents of Mademoiselle Rachel. Never before had I seen her so simple, so true to nature, so powerfully tragic. The gleams of the smoky lamp cast weird pallors upon her countenance, and the vast hollow of the empty auditorium lent a strange and funereal sonority to her voice. The act ended, we returned to the green-room. Passing before a mirror, I was struck with my paleness, and I was still more struck on perceiving that M. Regnier and M. Maillart were as pale as I. As to Mademoiselle Rachel, who sat silently apart, shaken with little nervous tremors, she wiped away a few tears that still flowed from her eyes. I went to her, and for my sole eulogium I pointed out to her the agitated countenances of her comrades; then, taking her hand, I said:

"My dear friend, you played that fifth act as you will never again play it in all your life."

"That is true," she answered, "and do you know why?"

"Yes; it was because there was no one present to applaud you, so that you did not think of the effect to be produced; and thus, in your own eyes, you became the unhappy Adrienne, dying at night in the arms of her two friends."

"She remained silent for a moment, and then she replied:

"You are mistaken, it was not thus at all. There took place within me a far stranger phenomenon: it was not for Adrienne that I wept, but for myself. Something—I know not what—told me suddenly that I was destined to die young like her. It seemed to me that I was in my own room, that my last hour had come, and that I was looking on at my own death-agony, and when at the words 'Farewell, O triumphs of the stage!—farewell, intoxications of the art that I have loved!' you saw me shed real tears, it was because I thought with despair that time would efface all vestige of my genius, and that soon there would remain nothing of that which was once Rachel."

This presentiment of early death haunted the great actress all through her brilliant career. Legouvé relates the following strange incident:

"When Mademoiselle Rachel learned the

death of her young sister Rebecca, her grief was great, for her family affections were very strong. But suddenly, on the third day, a strange terror became mingled with her sorrow. She remembered that her own name also was Rebecca, and that she had only taken that of Rachel on the occasion of her *début* at the Gymnase, and at the request of M. Povison. Seized with an insane affright, she cried, 'It is I who am Rebecca—it is I who am dead!' Alas! she was not far wrong. A few years later she died like her sister, and of the same disease as her sister!"

Legouvé went to visit her during her last illness; she was unable to receive him, but she wrote him a charming letter of thanks, which terminated with these words:

"No one can better delineate female characters than yourself. Promise to write me a piece for my *rentrée*."

Three days later she was dead.

Mademoiselle Aimée, "the Schneider of America," as some one once called her, has returned home (it is said with a fortune of sixty thousand dollars) from her transatlantic trip. She has bought a handsome residence at Nogent-sur-Marne, and gave her house-warming festival the other day. She is engaged at the Variétés for next season, and will make her *rentrée* in her favorite rôle of *Fiorella* in "Les Brigands." LUCY H. HOOPER.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

MR. RUSKIN—our greatest art-critic at one time, though, I am afraid, full of eccentricity now—has come forward as Miss Thompson's champion; Miss Thompson of "Roll-Call" fame I mean, of course. In a little volume which he has just published—"Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy, 1875"—he speaks most enthusiastically of that young lady's "Quatre-Bras," around which, by-the-way, there is still a motley crowd all day long at the Academy. "I never," says Mr. Ruskin (who but the other day, let me whisper, started a shop here for the sale of unadulterated tea), "approached a picture with more inquisitive prejudice against it than I did Miss Thompson's, partly because I have always said that no woman could paint, and, secondly, because I thought what the public made such a fuss about *must* be good for nothing. But it is Amazon's work, this," he goes on; "no doubt of it, and the first pre-Raphaelite picture of battle we have had, profoundly interesting, and showing all manner of illustrative and realistic faculty." Again: "The sky is the most tenderly painted and with the truest outlines of cloud of all in the exhibition; and the terrific piece of gallant wrath and ruin on the extreme right, where the cuirassier is catching round the neck of his horse as he falls, and the convulsed fallen horse just seen through the smoke below, is wrought, through all the truth of its frantic passion, with gradations of color and shade which I have not seen the like of since Turner's death." A warm tribute, surely! What will Miss Thompson's deriders—and they are many—say now?

Mr. Gye has—or, at least, thinks he has—got another prize; let us hope a second Zoro Thalberg. This time she is a young Chicago lady, who has just entered into a three-years' engagement with him, and who is forthwith to be put under the best masters. This I know, and this is about all I know, for Mr. Gye always keeps his engagements remarkably close; indeed, he has recently had a quar-

rel with the *Athenaeum* because it has been chronicling some of them without his authorization. Hence it is that I cannot give you the name of the young lady; but probably some of your readers may be able to guess.

The new book-announcements are few; authors and readers and even publishers—for after all publishers are human—are thinking more of the approaching holidays than of writing, reading, or issuing. However, a work by Mr. George Henry Lewes—"Philosopher Lewes"—"On Actors and the Art of Acting," is in the press; so is Mr. Arthur Arnold's translation of his friend Señor Castelar's "Life of Byron." Mr. Arnold, I should mention here, is on the point of retiring from the editorship of the little *Echo*; his brother, Mr. Edwin Arnold, still sticks to the *redaction*-ship of the *Telegraph*. A new novel, "The Boudoir Cabal," by the author of "Young Brown," a very clever story which ran through one of our magazines, is also in the press, and—that is almost all.

Mrs. Craik, the author of "John Halifax," has just given us, through Messrs. Daldy, Isbister & Co., a volume of "Sermons out of Church." It is, I need hardly say, full of earnest and eloquent writing. The "sermons" are six in number, and are entitled "What is Self-Sacrifice?" "Our Often Infirmities," "How to train up a Parent in the Way he should go," "Benevolence—or Beneficence," "My Brother's Keeper," and "Gather up the Fragments." Even when Mrs. Craik talks in platitudes, and she does not often do that, the neatness of her phraseology makes them seemingly new.

The farewell dinner to Mr. Barry Sullivan will be a grand affair. The great tragedian, for a fine actor he is, is a general favorite not only with the members of his own profession, but with authors and artists as well. Consequently, there is sure to be a goodly turn-out in his honor. The banquet will, most probably, take place at the Alexandra Palace, where Mr. Sothorn and her majesty's opera-company have been performing, and the Earl of Dunraven, an intimate friend of Mr. Sullivan, will preside.

Mr. Carlyle is still hale and hearty, and as antagonistic to things as they are as ever. Dr. Kenealey and the electors of Stoke form one of his favorite subjects of conversation. The venerable philosopher holds that the irrepressible doctor's return to Parliament furnishes a conclusive proof that the democratic theory of government is driving England at express speed to the devil—I mean the nether abyss.

There are a good many notable works in the just-opened Black-and-White Exhibition. Prominent among these is a series of drawings by Mr. Herbert Heckomer, whose "The Last Muster" is one of the most striking and original paintings in this year's Academy. Several of Bida's drawings illustrative of the Gospels—the complete series, one hundred and twenty-eight in number, is valued at five thousand pounds—are on view in the same gallery. Briton Rivière, Percy Macquoid, Rajon, Jacquemart, J. D. Huiber, Legros, and many others, also contribute; indeed, altogether, counting drawings, engravings, and etchings, there are over five hundred "exhibits." This is the third year of the exhibition, so it may now be looked upon as established. By-the-way, L. l'Hermitte sends some drawings which are really remarkable as showing what may be done with charcoal in the way of color.

The two opera-houses continue to put forth fresh attractions; every other night or so, some one or other makes his or her *début*. One of the last *débütantes* at Her Majesty's is Mademoi-

selle Chapuy, a young lady who for some time studied in Paris as an actress. She played *Violetta* in Verdi's "Traviata," and was received with remarkable enthusiasm. Four times was she called before the curtain after the first act. Yet after all she is far from faultless. Her voice is flexible and powerful, it is true; she has, moreover, a thoroughly good ear for time and tune; yet she lacks feeling. Her master, whoever he may have been, was obviously more bent on teaching her to sing correctly than with heart.

One of our best writers of lyrical verses, Guy Roslyn, the younger brother, I may tell you, of Mr. Joseph Hatton, the author of "The Talents of Barton," and the editor and proprietor of the *Hornet*, is about to issue his first volume. It will be called "Village Verses," and will include the many pleasing little poems he has written in the various magazines.

One of the funniest, and therefore most absurd, farces I have seen for a long time has been produced at the Adelphi, where Mr. Halliday's version of "Nicholas Nickleby" is still running. It is by Mr. Martin Becker. Here is the plot, condensed, like Australian meat: "An eccentric old gentleman, Mr. Vanderpump, having, as well as his memory serves him, secreted four thousand pounds in banknotes of one thousand pounds each in a pair of old slippers, of all places in the world, finds to his horror that somebody has stolen, lost, or mislaid the articles supposed to be thus richly lined, and, in this terrible extremity, offers his well-dowered daughter in marriage to whichever of her many suitors may succeed in finding the missing treasure. The stage is soon strewn with all manner of second-hand slippers, saving only the pair that is required; subsequently, Mr. Vanderpump gets into a towering passion in the consulting-room of a dentist, who, to keep him quiet, makes him inhale the laughing-gas used for the purposes of painless dentistry. It is while under this influence that the old gentleman kicks off his boots, when inside them are found the missing notes. Miss Vanderpump marries the dentist, and all ends happily." As old Vanderpump, Mr. Fawn is amazingly mirth-provoking. I verily believe he could make even our prime-minister laugh!

WILL WILLIAMS.

Science, Invention, Discovery.

THE SAND-BLAST.

FROM a descriptive circular now before us, we learn that "on the 8th of October, 1870, letters-patent of the United States were granted to General B. C. Tilghman, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, for the cutting, grinding, etching, engraving, and drilling stone, metal, wood, or any hard substance, by means of a jet or blast of sand." Though there may be few of our readers who are not familiar with the general principles of the sand-blast, yet it is possible that many are still unaware of its marvelous efficiency, accomplishing, as it does, even more than is set down in the comprehensive claim above quoted. In fact, it may safely be asserted that, both for its simplicity of method and extent of operation, the sand-blast deserves a place very near the first rank among the many ingenious devices of this, the age of invention. Though protected by letters-patent, and thus classed among the order of inventions, the

sand-blast might more properly be ranked as a discovery, since the inventor has merely adapted to the arts a process which Nature has long since used, and by which she has carved out from rocks and mountain-sides those massive monuments and grotesque "reliefs" which are a feature of our Western wonder-land.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Gorham Blake, general agent for the United States, we have been permitted to allow our artist to secure drawings of the latest and most improved forms of sand-blast machines, and thus are enabled to give to our readers the first authorized illustration of them. Deferring till a second paper all reference to the work of the sand-blast, particularly as that work pertains to the cutting and engraving of glass, we shall limit ourselves at present to a brief general notice of the principle upon which the success of the process depends, and a description of the devices by which these principles are applied.

In its simplest conceivable form the sand-blast machine may be described as nothing more than a box containing sifted quartz-sand fastened upon an elevated shelf, and from the bottom of which depends a tube, through which the sand may be conducted and allowed to fall on the substance to be carved out or engraved. This substance which is to be acted upon must, however, belong to that class generally known as brittle, such as glass or stone, though hard woods are at times used, and also the polished surfaces of softer metals which are rendered rough thereby. When this jet of sand is caused to fall with an increased force upon the object to be engraved, the results are more decided and more readily obtained, and hence the use of an air or steam-blast has been adopted at the outset, giving to the device the name of sand-blast. The sand-blast may, therefore, be briefly defined as a device by which common sand, powdered quartz, emory, or any sharp cutting material, is forced or blown upon the surface of any brittle substance, through which means the latter is cut, drilled, or engraved. We have used the word brittle as defining those substances susceptible of treatment by the blast, in order that the reader may the more readily comprehend the simplicity of the method by which the surface of such substance may be protected as well as exposed. In order to insure this protection, and prevent the sand from acting on any portion of the surface upon which it falls, it is only necessary to cover that portion with a stencil of malleable or tough material, such as lead, iron, rubber, leather, or even paper. To this list of so-called stencil material may also be added, as the result of recent experiments, rubber-paint, or ink. Of the methods adopted for the application of these stencils, mention will be again made when we come to notice the work of the sand-blast, and we will now proceed to briefly describe, aided by illustrations, the latest improved form of machine for cutting flat plates, as in use at the company's agency, No. 81 Centre Street, New York.

Let it be supposed that it is desired to simply grind or depolish the whole surface of a glass plate, so that it shall present the

appearance of ordinary ground glass. Since in this case the whole surface is to be acted upon evenly and alike, there will be no occa-

them is slowly conveyed out of sight and beneath the sheet of falling sand. The instant the sand-particles come in contact with the

the aid of a screw and hoppers to the box above, to be used over again, so long as the feeding in of the glass plates is kept up. The rate at which these plates travel beneath the sand varies from six to thirty inches a minute, according as the nature of the work demands. Where it is desired to cover the plate with a pattern, it is evident that the stencils may be adjusted to it before its introduction into the machine.

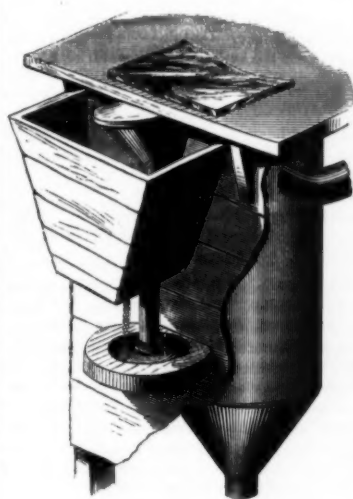
In the second figure we have an illustration of a simple device by which glass plates may be bored. This is effected by means of an exhaust rather than a blast. The air is exhausted from a cylinder here shown at the right, and thus the sand is drawn up from a receptacle at the left, and projects itself with force against the glass plate above, after which it falls back into a circular box, whence it is again lifted as before. It is by the aid of a device somewhat similar in construction to this that glass globes are ground and engraved.

In this brief description of the sand-blast machine we have purposed to present the main features of the latest improved form; and, as the illustrations were prepared with the special purpose of accomplishing this, a careful examination of them will take the place of a more extended description. Enough has been said, however, to prove to the reader that it is in the idea rather than in the method of its adaptation that the genius of the inventor appears—that is, so far as the sand-blast machine is concerned—but in our second paper on the nature and variety of the work accomplished we shall be able to show how well have the demands for special contrivances been met by the same mind that accomplished the original design.

Let certain of our readers might condemn the position we assumed last week in regard to the mythical Keely motor, we are induced to reopen the case with a view to presenting additional testimony in support of the views then set forth. This testimony, which has come to our notice since the preparation of our adverse opinion, is from an authoritative source, and hence should be accepted as of decided weight and influence. The *Scientific American*, deeming the subject worth even more space than it really deserves, devotes a page of its editorial space to an historical and critical review of the new motor and its claims. After alluding to this latest contrivance as one "the chief purpose of which appears to be the wriggling of money out of silly people," the paper concludes by disclosing in a few brief paragraphs the weak point in the whole claim. Referring to the surprising fact that men of tried experience and business capability have become interested in the scheme, the editor adds: "We can account for this only by supposing that they mistake mere pressure for motive power. But mere pressure is not motive power—it is simply a resultant of motive power. A very slight motive power, if sufficiently long continued and properly applied, may produce the greatest pressure. A weight of only a single pound, hung upon the extremity of a suitable lever, is sufficient to produce a pressure at the opposite end of the lever of ten thousand pounds or more to the square inch. To persons not familiar with the laws of mechanics (and this, we think, is probably the situation of most of the Keely

sion to use any form of protecting stencil, and the plate therefore may be taken at once to the machine. This machine is of the general form and construction shown in the larger of the accompanying illustrations, and may be thus described: Resting upon a framework, and inclosed in a box-like apartment, is a smaller box, open at the top and with slanting sides, which is filled with the ordinary quartz-sand. At the bottom of this box is a long slit, through which the sand flows into the blast-chamber below. The end of the slit appears in the illustration just below the main blast-pipe, which leads in from the right. At the bottom of this slit is a device, not as yet made public, by which the sand is conveyed into the blast-chamber, and yet the blast not allowed to force its way upward. This blast-chamber is shown by its curved side, and within this the blast is maintained at such a pressure as the nature of the work demands. The sand, having fallen into this receptacle, is at once forced by the pressure of the blast down through a second and still narrower slit below, and passes out from it in the form of a long, thin sheet. The glass plate to be acted upon is placed upon the shelf at the left and before the opening indicated. A series of small belts, moving over rollers concealed by the shelf, serve as carriers to the plate, which by

polished surface of the glass, the work of "grinding" begins, and soon the glass plate appears at the opposite side with a rough but



regularly depolished surface. The sand in the mean time falls or is blown into a receptacle below, from which it is removed by

investors), the exhibition of a gage showing ten thousand pounds pressure might readily be regarded as proof positive of an enormous power behind the gage—whereas the actual power, concealed from view, might be only a weight of one pound. In cases of this kind, when a body is lifted or a pressure produced, the inquirer should take pains to ascertain what the extent of the original moving power or weight is. If this precaution be taken, the falsity of motors like Keely's may be at once detected. In the example of Keely, the certificate of Collier shows that a hydrant force of twenty-six and one-quarter pounds to the inch is always required to run the machine. This force, if applied to a common wheel or engine, would produce a considerable amount of constant mechanical power. But the moving force is nearly all wasted in Keely's device, for he is only able to drive a toy-engine for a minute or two at a time. This does not look much like driving a train of cars from Philadelphia to New York, or crossing the ocean, without the consumption of coal."

THE question as to the nature and extent of the influence which forests exercise on climates commands the thoughtful attention of many careful observers, and the fact that the controversy is so prolonged proves beyond question that there is much to be said on both sides. Among the more recent papers presented with a view to establishing the affirmative of the argument, viz., that the climate and other physical conditions of our globe are certainly modified by the existence or removal of forests, is that of M. J. Clavé, in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. After repeating with renewed emphasis the well-known points regarding the prevention of evaporation and sudden snow-thaws where the land is wooded, the writer suggests a possible effect which forests may have on producing rain, which is certainly worthy of consideration. Forests are obstacles to atmospheric movements, hence, when rapidly-moving air-currents come in contact with them, their onward course is checked, and they are forced upward. As a result of this upward movement the layers above are compressed and so compelled to yield up some of their moisture. Another interesting fact is noticed with regard to the influence of forests upon hail-storms, which is to check them. An instance of this is given, to the effect that, during one of these storms in France, it was observed that when, during its onward course, a forest was encountered the hail was changed to rain, the hail being resumed in the unwooded country beyond.

IN a former note attention was directed to a novel method proposed for the extinguishing of fires on shipboard. This consisted simply in placing, at given intervals along the floor of the hull, vessels containing broken marble or some other carbonate; to these lead-pipes were to conduct sulphuric acid from tanks above. When the fire was discovered the hatches were to be instantly closed, the valves admitting the acid into the pipes opened, and, as a result, the carbonic acid disengaged by the union of the acid with the lime of the marble would fill the whole hull, and act as a smothering agent, thus extinguishing the fire by surrounding it with a non-supporting atmosphere of carbonic-acid gas. A second and for many reasons a more practical application of the same principle, is that given by Lieutenant Barber, United States Navy, who, in a letter to the *Scientific American*, proposes to use the same gas for a like

purpose, though the immediate source of supply be a different one. His plan is to have in some convenient locality a flask or flasks, each about three feet in length, and one foot in diameter, containing about one hundred pounds of the gas in a liquid state. From the top of these flasks pipes are to be so fitted as to conduct the gas when free into the hull. In its application the same plan is adopted as in that above mentioned. Instead of opening cocks and admitting acid into the marble boxes, the compressed gas is by this same method released, when it at once assumes its normal condition, and fills the entire vessel below-decks.

A PATENT has recently been issued in France for a new method for obtaining paper-pulp from sugar-cane refuse, which, according to the *Technologiste*, promises to prove of considerable value. For many years one of the leading features of the Southern sugar-house has been its cane-furnace, devised with the special purpose of burning the refuse cane, which otherwise would prove an unwieldy by-product. The plan, as proposed by MM. Meritens and Kresser, may be briefly noticed as follows: The refuse or "trash" as it comes from the mill, being still charged with a limited amount of saccharine matter, gum, albumen, etc., is exposed to a jet of steam in a closed vessel, and then repressed. The effect of this treatment is to remove the foreign substances, including a certain portion of available "juice," and leave the refuse in a state to be more readily rendered available as pulp. In order to obtain this latter in a state fit for paper-making material, the refuse is now passed lightly through an alkaline bath, and afterward washed in acidulated water. The material is then in a condition for treatment by the paper-maker, who bleaches it with chlorine, and, by the usual process, prepares it for the rolls. It is said that fibre so prepared needs less chlorine than those usually used, and there can be no question as to the demand of some such process as this by which an immense by-product can be made available in the industrial arts.

SOME interesting and significant experiments on the influence of certain compounds on the germination of seeds have recently been made by Hackel, the results of which appear to confirm views advanced by observers many years ago. Certain seeds which, when exposed to the action of pure water alone, began to germinate after eight days, when kept moist with iodine-water germinated in five days. With bromide-water the same result followed after three days, and when chlorine-water was used the interval was decreased to two days. These experiments belong to the order which "anybody can try," and we should be pleased to learn from our readers the results of any similar observation in this direction.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Science Gossip* having claimed for the cypress of Somma, in Lombardy, the honor of being the oldest tree on record, his statement is met by a second writer who states that there is at Anuradhapura, in Ceylon, a bo-tree which was planted a. c. 288, two hundred and forty-six years before the birth of the Lombardy tree. Regarding this as the oldest tree, the writer states that it would have been blown down long ago but for a thick wall built around the trunk, and all its main branches are supported by pillars. The leaves that fall off are collected by Buddhist priests every day, and are kept in a holy part of the temple. They are also sold to the people as a sovereign balm for sin.

AMONG the more recent of labor-saving machines may be noticed that designed for the painting of the laths of Venetian blinds. By its aid the inventor claims that he can paint six hundred blind-laths of ordinary size in an hour. The machine is described as simple in structure, and has already been practically tested in a large English window-blind factory.

MESSRS. NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA, the well-known meteorological-instrument makers, have lately added to their list of thermometers, a new form of exceeding delicacy to be known as the "health-indicator." It is designed, as its name indicates, for the use of physicians in determining the temperature of the patient's blood, and the main feature, and that upon which its extreme sensitiveness depends, is the use of fusil-oil instead of mercury.

A NOVEL method for aiding in the disinfecting of apartments has recently been devised by Reissig, of Darmstadt. It is in the form of fumigating canals, so composed that so long as they are lighted a continuous stream of sulphurous gas is given off.

Miscellany:

NOTEWORTHY THINGS GLEANED HERE AND THERE.

FROM Mrs. Harvey's "Every-Day Life in Spain" we make a second selection of entertaining passages:

NEWSPAPERS IN MADRID.

An amusing scene often takes place on the evenings when *El Combate*, a cheap republican newspaper of advanced opinions, makes its appearance.

Great latitude is allowed in Madrid to the press, and personal abuse of the ministers usually passes unnoticed; but *El Combate* sometimes exceeds all bounds, and occasionally indulges in an article so exceptionally violent that the editor is fined, the paper suppressed, and the day of its reappearance is doubtful.

No sooner is the cry of "*El Combate*" heard than the street is in an uproar. Hundreds hurry out of the *cafés*, because every one who wishes to buy a copy must stand ready, with his money in his hand, as the newsmen come rushing along, disposing of their bundles of papers as rapidly as possible; for, should an article be suspected and a *gendarme* appear in pursuit, the packets disappear in an instant, and away go the vendors down the maze of narrow streets.

We one evening saw such a chase, and most exciting and amusing it was, a real chase of law *versus* news; but the newsmen had capital legs, of which he made good use, and, long before he had arrived at the end of the Alcala, his papers were all sold, and he had fairly distanced his pursuer, who, encumbered by his long sword and other accoutrements, made but an ineffectual struggle, and gave in when he reached the rising ground near the middle of the street.

Of course, just now, intelligence is eagerly sought for, and the evening papers have a rapid sale; but, though they are read, no one thinks of believing the intelligence they contain. "Son todos mentirosos estan diciendo mil disparates" (they say all sorts of nonsense), said our Spanish servant, as he brought us a bundle of newspapers. And accounts of victories gained, with details of the Carlist

losses in killed and wounded, appear in all the dignity of large letters and red type, and no one pretends to believe these announcements.

Soon after our arrival, criers were shouting down the streets that a great battle had been fought, resulting in the total defeat of the Carlist army. The loss on both sides had been great, at least four thousand killed and wounded, and numerous names and many particulars were given. The next day the great battle had diminished to a severe skirmish, and the number of killed and wounded was reduced to two hundred. As hours passed, the battle became of less and less importance, and shorter grew the list of casualties, until at last the latter dwindled to only four men!

MOORISH ART.

It is a matter of interesting and curious study to note how it is that, while we Christians have borrowed and adapted to our use so much of Oriental decoration, the Moors, though constantly in contact with other nations, have never, either in Spain or elsewhere, admitted any mixture of Christian art. Jealously and carefully have they ever retained their own mode of building, their own fashion of decorating, and it must be allowed that in both respects their refinement and exquisite taste would only have been deteriorated by any change.

The skill, also, with which they adapted their buildings to the exigencies of climate is very remarkable. In southern towns, where the heat of summer is the danger to be guarded against, their rooms were lofty, cool, and dark, and a refreshing current of air could be passed through the fretted decorations of the roof. At Granada, and other colder towns, every great house could be thoroughly warmed by hot air. This was conveyed from the bathroom by brick passages into chambers in the walls, and was let into the apartments through perforated tiles placed near the floor. Nothing could be simpler or more skillful than such an arrangement.

SPANISH BEVERAGES.

Every sort of cooling drink could be had in perfection. Water, to begin with, is always quite fresh and cold, and this is more than a luxury, it is an absolute necessity in a country where one is literally burnt up with thirst. In every town sturdy *gallegos* carry it about, and it is refreshing even to hear their monotonous, half-drawn cry of "Agua pura," "Agua mas fresca que la nieve," for the east wind brings with it dust and burning fever, and the sun scorches and dries blood and skin with its fiery heat. Those who are wise will, when traveling, provide themselves with one of the pretty little white porous jars that keep the water as fresh as if it had been just taken from the spring. Then, in all the *cafés*, and at the corners of the principal streets, may be had more iced beverages than could be named in a single page—delicious orange and lemonade, the glass piled high with cool, white snow, with, perhaps, half a ripe apricot, or a few strawberries thrown on it, to give still more flavor to the refreshing mixture. There is iced barley-water, or *orgeat*, mixed with the juice of fresh fruits or syrups, sometimes having also a *soupeçon* of wild-thyme or herbs, that give a slightly aromatic taste, inexpressibly refreshing on a hot day. Besides all the various preparations of *orgeat*, there is thin beer and ginger-beer, and many more drinks of the same nature. Above all must be placed the *hoekadas*, made of pounded grapes, barley-sugar, and water, carefully strained and iced, with a few strawberries, or pieces of orange

or pineapple, and perhaps flavored with a little vanilla or almonds, the whole making a mixture that it is worth going to Spain to taste. In other places it might not, perhaps, be so much appreciated, for the hot sun gives not only the rich flavor to the fruit, but the thirst that makes it pleasant.

PREPARING FOR THE BULL-FIGHT.

Late that night we went to see the Encierro, or *Partido de los Toros*. The bull-ring is always situated on the outskirts of the town, and the bulls are brought in about midnight, when the roads are clear of people, for it would be certain death to meet the savage animals.

We arrived at the Plaza shortly before twelve o'clock, and by the light of a lantern were taken through many passages and up many stairs to a curious place, a sort of network of strong, narrow, wooden galleries. These crossed and recrossed an inclosure into which the bulls would be driven before they entered the dark pens which were to be their last abode.

From one of these galleries opened the president's box, into which we were shown, and the bulls have to pass from the ring into the inclosure through the opening immediately beneath this box. Not above thirty or forty persons were present, and, excepting one or two small lanterns carried by the assistants, and the fiery points of the cigars, the place was in perfect darkness.

Soon after twelve the noise of distant tramping was heard; every light, and every cigar even, was then extinguished, for fear of alarming the animals, and thus checking their entrance into the ring.

It was grand to hear the heavy tramp of the on-coming troop, which rapidly grew louder and more distinct, and, ere many moments had elapsed, a horseman at full gallop dashed into the ring. He was the leader of the herd, and scarcely had he taken up his post beside the entrance when with a thundering rush the animals passed between the gates, and in another second the arena was a mass of huge, dark, moving bodies, careering wildly round the great space.

There were fourteen bulls, eight tame, besides the six wild ones destined for to-morrow's show, and four or five mounted *caqueros*, as the herdsmen are called. The instant the herd had entered, the heavy doors closed with a crash, and lighted torches were waved above them to drive the animals to our end, which still remained perfectly dark and quiet. Among such a crowd of terrified, infuriated creatures, it seemed quite a miracle that the men and horses were not gored or tossed. A *caquero's* duties at these times are, in fact, very dangerous, and accidents do occasionally occur; but the horses used for this work are excellent, and the men show marvelous address. The tame bulls, also, are an assistance to them, as these animals know and are often attached to their herdsmen.

After a short period of wild terror and agitation, some of the tame bulls began to lead the way toward the inclosure beneath us, and no sooner was a wild one tempted in than the gates were closed, and he was now to be driven into the pen that was to be his last resting-place.

Every one now hurried to the galleries above the inclosure. The first bull that entered was a magnificent creature, with a gigantic shaggy head, and short, thick, fearful horns. Furious with rage at being thus entrapped, he tore up the ground with his hoofs, and dashed his broad forehead against the

walls. In vain the herdsmen from the galleries above pricked him with their long goads. He shook his great head and gave a low, angry roar, but would not move. At length, with a sudden plunge, he rushed into the narrow cell before him. In an instant the doors swung to, a massive bar descended, and he was a prisoner, left in darkness and without food until the morrow, when he would again come forth, but only to die.

THE papers in *Blackwood* entitled "Conversations in a Studio," from which we have given our readers several extracts, are now said to be by our countryman, W. W. Story. Subjoined are a few good comments on the advantages of broad and general culture:

Belton. It would be a charming power to be able to carry one's library in one's mind! I envy men with large memories. Still, nothing is utterly lost; and I comfort myself with thinking that even what has flowed away has at least lent its color to my thoughts, and deepened the channel through which it passed. I hope so, at least. That is the kind of riches I envy. What one is within, and what one has educated himself to do and think and feel, that is truly his, and no one can take it from him. Nor can he himself lose it, or willfully throw it away. But wealth and goods are not ours. They do not really belong to us, but may be added or taken away, and leave us what we were. They may be squandered, or stolen, or lost. But one's mind and one's memory cannot be pilfered like a chest of coin. What we possess in our mind is ours forever till the mind itself decays.

Mallett. When old B— (whose hand was as tight as his morals were loose, and whose life had been devoted almost exclusively to money-getting) died at a ripe old age, somebody asked Outis what he had left. "Every thing," said Outis; "he has taken nothing with him."

Belton. Precisely; nothing is truly ours which we must leave behind.

Mallett. The struggle of the world, the decreased value of money, the crowding of professions and trades at the present day, the strenuous competition for place and wealth, create specialties; and few men now are completely developed; they are rather hands, feet, head, than whole men; a general culture is rare, while a special faculty is trained to the utmost; all the professions and trades are divided and subdivided, and each man has to perfect himself in his department. There is thus a great particular gain to set off against a general loss. In art this is seen almost as much as in law. For it seems to me that culture and a large education are almost necessary to create a great artist. In the ancient days, as well as at the period of the Renaissance, the great artists were accomplished in various branches of art, and did not confine themselves to one. Phidias, for example, was a painter, an engraver, a worker in embossed figures, a sculptor in brass, gold, and ivory, and a musician, if not an architect. The architects of the Parthenon, Ictinus and Callicrates, were also sculptors of note; and, indeed, most of the artists of those times worked in various branches of art. Leonardo da Vinci was as eminent an engineer as he was a painter. He was also architect, sculptor, and musician, and besides being an author and an inventor in mechanics, he was well versed in various branches of science. Michael Angelo was a poet, sculptor, painter, and architect, and it is difficult to say in which of the last

three he was greatest. Giotto was also accomplished in all these arts. Verrocchio was as excellent a sculptor as painter. Benvenuto Cellini was a soldier, a goldsmith, a sculptor, a poet, and an accomplished musician. Salvator Rosa was a painter, a poet, and a musician, and his poetry is certainly, at the least, quite as good as his pictures; while what we have of his music is of a large and admirable character. Orcagna was painter, sculptor, and architect. Ghiberti, who made the famous doors of the Florentine Baptistery, of which Michael Angelo said, with generous exaggeration, they were worthy to be the gates of paradise, was also an architect. But, not to extend the list, in a word, nearly all the artists of any note at this period not only practised several arts, but distinguished themselves in each; and for myself I cannot but think that the knowledge of all made them stronger in each. They threw into every thing they did the full weight of all they knew and were. The breadth of their culture gave refinement and strength to their work.

Belton. But how could they find time to accomplish themselves in so many arts, if one art requires a lifetime, as you say it does?

Mallett. There is time enough to do many things, if the person is seriously concentrated in his work, and does not squander his mind and his time by half-work. Nothing is so bad as that. There are many persons who think they are working, when in truth they are only dawdling over their work with half-attention. There is time enough thrown away every day to enable any one of earnest mind to do more than many a man does with his whole day. All depends upon love of the work on which one is engaged, and in concentration of one's faculties. It is, in my opinion, better to be utterly idle, and lie fallow to influences, than to muddle away hours in half-work. Besides, change of labor is rest, and to an active mind more rest than laziness. I have always found in music a more complete refreshment of my mind, after a hard day's work in my studio, than even sleep could give. The faculties and powers and interests are thrown in a different direction, and while one series works the other reposes. After an entire change of occupation one returns with fresh zest and vigor to the work he has left; whereas, if the thoughts are constantly treading the same path, they soon, as it were, wear a rut in the mind, out of which they cannot extricate themselves, and this begets in the end mannerism and self-repetition. Still more, the various arts are but different exercises of correlative powers. They each in turn refresh and enlarge the imaginative and motive powers, and extend their sphere. Each, as it were, is echoed and reflected into the other. The harmonies of color and forms and tones and words are closely related to each other, and but different expressions of merely the same thing. A sculptor's work will be cold if he is not sensitive to color and music; and a painter's work will be loose and vague unless his mind has been trained to the absoluteness of form and outline: neither can compose well his lines and forms unless he possess that innate sense of balance and harmonious arrangement and modulation which is developed by music.

THE Swedenborg Society of London held recently a meeting in commemoration of the sixty-fifth anniversary of its foundation. This event elicited from the London *Daily News* the subjoined entertaining paper on the famous prophet:

It is ninety-three years since the death of the seer, whose works the society distributes, and never, it appears, has the interest in these strange writings been "more widely evoked, or more fully satisfied." The lifetime of Emanuel Swedenborg coincided, as his English biographer, Mr. Wilkinson, says, with the most skeptical and, in philosophy, the most materialistic age of thought. The movement that the Germans call the *Aufklärung*, that the French call the *éclaircissement*, was in full vigor. Only in Swedenborg's later years did the natural reaction begin, the reaction from Hume to Kant, from Voltaire to a spiritual philosophy. Even Voltaire, perhaps, regretted sometimes that he had done his destructive work too well. Rationalism, he says, in one of his poems, is gaining a morose credit, and error has merits of its own. He would like to have left to peasants and children their fire-side tales, while he laughed what he thought more pernicious superstitions out of court. There were three men in Europe, at that time, who in their several ways were helping to restore to Europe the belief in a spiritual life, in a spiritual world, in the existence of things not seen, and the possibility of hope and faith. The three were Kant, Wesley, Swedenborg, all working in very different fields, but all sowing the seeds of the present state of thought, the state of thought which is widely interested in the works of Swedenborg. The criticism of Kant threw doubt and discredit, to say the least, on the reasoning of the materialist philosophy, the preaching of Wesley renewed the life of the English Church, and the visions of Swedenborg were to many minds satisfactory evidence as to the unseen world, while his moral application of his mysticism is full of fervent and persuasive eloquence. It is not safe to venture on any account of the system of Swedenborg, for his writings are even more voluminous and various than those of Comte, while his disciples, like the Positivists, are apt to ask critics if they have read all the works of the master. It is easy, however, to select a few points in the general tendency of the Swedenborgian theories, and to show how they are adapted to modern wants, and have thus exercised no slight influence on modern imaginative literature. The life of the seer, as it is generally told, is more strange than any fairy tale, and the incidents and doctrines, with a difference, have been used by Balzac in two of his most powerful stories, "Louis Lambert" and "Séraphitus Séraphita."

The life of Emanuel Swedenborg was a kind of commentary on his views. Born in 1688, he was distinguished as a child for the intensity of his devotion, and, as a young and

a middle-aged man, for success in scientific research and mechanical invention. He was the engineer who invented a way of carrying provisions and artillery to the siege of Frederickshall, where Charles XII. was shot. He was noted for treatises on the assay of metals, and on docks and sluices. Some time after he had gained high office in the mining-service of Sweden, he turned his attention more to speculation, and his philosophy is of that mystic sort which recognizes in the universe a system of correspondences and harmonies, sees in bodies the expression of souls, and believes that the natural world exists in obedience to the spiritual one. Thus Swedenborg would agree with the French student who has lately frightened the Bishop of Orleans by asserting that the sun is the cause of the world. But then Swedenborg goes a step further, and observes, according to his latest translator, "There is in the spiritual world a sun which is different from that in the natural world. To the truth of this I am able to bear solemn witness, inasmuch as I have seen that sun." Here we touch the point where Swedenborg ceases to be the philosopher, in the common sense of the word, and becomes the seer. It was in 1743 that what he considered his education was accomplished, and that he had a view of the spiritual world. Most people have heard the curious anecdote of how, after a hearty meal in a London tavern, he saw a vision of snakes and reptiles, and heard a voice say, "Eat not so much." From that day, with intervals of discouragement, in which doubt of his own gift seems once to have been near him, Swedenborg had what the heathen Norsemen called *Forspan*: he was a second-sighted man. Apart from his visits to the places of departed spirits, and his detailed accounts of them, apart from his seeing a friend at the friend's own funeral, and frightening the sister of the dead Frederick the Great with intelligence from that lamented monarch, the tale of how he saw and described a fire at Stockholm while he himself was at Gottenburg, three hundred miles off, is strange, and fairly well authenticated. Kant is usually given as the authority for this marvel, and Kant seems at least to have done his best to find out the truth of the story. With the religious and philosophic beliefs based on Swedenborg's writings, we have no concern here, but it is easy to see how, in an age when physical science is so powerful, people are glad to turn to a philosophy which makes physical nature as it were the veil of apiritual nature, and how the fairy tales of science are neglected for experiences more like the elder fairy tales of childhood, in their simple marvels.

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